

THE SATIRIST,

OR,

MONTHLY METEOR.

JANUARY 1, 1811.

THE REGENCY.

IN our last number we expressed our honest sentiments upon this most distressful and embarrassing subject, and we cannot but feel highly flattered by the impression which our remarks made on the public mind. The question has since been debated in both houses of parliament, and most of the arguments which we used have been there enforced with such ability that all the subtlety and sophistry of the opposition *speculators* proved of no avail. There are some individuals whose hearts so delight in mischief, that we verily believe they would not hesitate to commit any act, however *base*, if they hoped thereby to excite national discontent and disaffection. We have read certain questions propounded, on a late occasion, with the strongest emotions of disgust, but have too high a respect for the *collective* body in whose name they are published to say more. Were we requested to point out the individual who proposed them, their indelicacy and malignity would enable us to say, without fear of contradiction,

"Thou art the man!"

We have expressed our opinion against the expediency of shackling his royal highness the Prince of Wales in the event of his being appointed regent, with any restrictions but such as were necessary to guard against the establishment of a precedent which might on a future occasion prove detrimental. But, suppose the opposition plan of proceeding by way of *address* to have been adopted, would not a precedent of the most dangerous nature have been thus established? Might not a future regent (we are convinced that there would be no danger in the present instance) availing himself of the power thus conferred, instantly dissolve the parliament who had called him to the supreme government of the kingdom, appoint a set of venal ministers, and, when a new parliament had assembled, instruct them to bring in a bill declaring him perpetual monarch, and his unhappy predecessor (though perhaps only labouring under some temporary infirmity,) for ever incapable of reassuming the reins of government? If a regent is to be vested with *all the* powers of royalty, what is to prevent such a bill from being passed, and if it be once passed, would it not be irrevocable, except by those with whom it originated?—God forbid the Prince of Wales should hold *his crown* by such a doubtful tenure, when it shall have pleased the Almighty to afflict the nation by the death of his royal father!

We shall say no more.—In the wisdom of parliament we have the fullest confidence, but we lament that a question of such a delicate nature, and of such vital importance should have been agitated by some with party virulence, and wrested to party purposes.

THE NOTTINGHAMSHIRE PARSONS.*

Licetne dicere? mihi vero licet, et semper licebit, dignitatem (Angliæ) tueri; potestas modo veniendi in hunc locum sit, dicendi periculum non recuso.

CICERO. Plut. 1, sec. iii.

MR. SATIRIST,

“WHEN the religion of any state falls into disregard and contempt, it is impossible for that state to continue long.” The dreadful truth, thus denounced by Machiavel, must, surely, impress with emotions of concern and terror every true lover of his country, and at the present momentous juncture is but too applicable to the condition of this nation. Awful is this reflection considered in every point of view, and of the truth of the assertion the bloody annals of unhappy France afford us an affecting and terrific example. Experience yields us ample testimony; and the same opinion was pronounced by the stern democrat and revolutionist Mirabeau, in his memorable address, “Si vous voulez une révolution, *il faut commencer par déca-tholiser la France.*” The subsequent tragedy of which that miserable country has been the theatre, whilst it proves that this advice was pursued, indicates too clearly the accuracy of the declaration; and if the horrid transactions which have there occurred, have been insufficient to secure the watchful attention of the guardians of our liberties and constitution, let us hope that seasonable admonition may rouse the dormant patriotism of Britons from the death-like slumber in which it is immersed. That the established religion of the church of England has fallen into *disregard*, the evident and dreadful increase of methodism, and every other branch of sectarianism most

* Let it not be supposed that under this head we would include *all* the clergy of this populous county: for many of them we have the highest respect. Our correspondent's remarks are only applicable to the profligate.

amply testifies ; and to reduce it into *contempt* and derision, no cause can so directly tend as the lukewarm manner in which some of our clergy discharge their several professional functions, and the absolute depravity which is the undisguised characteristic of others. If hither we are to attribute the astonishing crowds which within the last few years have augmented the several sects of dissenters from our church, and the numbers of licensed meeting-houses and conventicles which in every street stare us in the face, ought not the defection of our national clergy to be considered a public calamity ? There is scarcely a country village, however small, which is not provided with a chapel for the propagation of methodism, and although the jargon and nonsense which are thundered forth in many of them, by illiterate itinerant enthusiasts, are barbarous and absurd in the extreme, yet the influence which these preachers acquire and exercise over the minds of the vulgar and ignorant classes would hardly be credited by persons who are unacquainted with their extravagant proceedings. The correction and reformation of the clergy of the church of England is then a matter of the utmost importance, and of immediate necessity ; for whilst their inattention and abuses are suffered to continue, in an equal degree will the religion which our forefathers spilt their blood to maintain, sink into disrepute and neglect. What would then be our condition ? England, the great and free, which has hitherto flourished unshaken and alone, amidst the wreck of empires, the ruin of kingdoms, and the annihilation of dynasties, would fall in the general overthrow, and Britons, whose glory and birthright is liberty, would groan with anguish in chains forged by their own lethargic turpitude ! Where, let me ask, is the solemnity which ought to accompany the administration of the

holy sacrament when the officiating minister is a professed libertine? With what religious satisfaction can the sacred cup be received when presented by a hand more accustomed to raise the inebriating goblet of debauchery? Is not prayer a mockery, when issuing from a mouth polluted by the frequent utterance of the most horrid imprecations, or whose voice is hoarse with the confused and unseemly din of a fox-chase?

That the generality of our rising priesthood are expressly educated for the church in order to their institution to family livings, or in the hope of obtaining preferment by the effectual means of interest and patronage, is, I think, a fact too notorious to be denied; and when holy orders are entered into under the impression that livings are merely a temporal provision, it is not perhaps so much matter of surprise that many who have not previously bestowed a single serious consideration upon the arduous undertaking, and pursued a proper course of divine study, should, instead of reflecting honour and dignity upon their sacred character, become a disgrace and reproach to the bishop by whom they were ordained. How differently does the law of England contemplate the condition and situation of a parochial clergyman! Our learned and ingenious commentator, Sir William Blackstone, with his usual accuracy and elegance, declares that the law "looks upon the cure of souls as too arduous and important a task to be *eagerly sought* for by any serious clergyman."

The unworthy dignitary whose portrait I attempted in faint colours to delineate in your last number, must, as a magistrate, have felt in the course of his reading the whole force of this observation; for however insensible he may be to the sufferings of his fellow creatures, his conduct during the last month has fully evinced, that his

heart is not so callous as to prevent his application of a description, the correctness of which his conscience cannot but allow. His behaviour in more instances than that, which I have formerly stated, manifestly demonstrates that he has acted in opposition to the precepts of laws both human and divine; and not content with rigidly observing his *favourite rule of action*, he has not hesitated to violate the sacred bonds of friendship where they have interfered with his own immediate interest. In order to exemplify the sordid meanness which amongst other qualities shines conspicuous in his composition, I need only state some incidents which are thoroughly illustrative of his general character. Upon the vacation of a living in this county by the death of the incumbent, this gentleman was applied to by one of his friends for his recommendation to the ecclesiastical patron, and with every assurance of friendship and assistance, he promised the exertion of his interest in favour of the applicant. In performance of this promise he wrote to the patron with whom he was personally acquainted, a letter, which I have seen, but of which I have unfortunately been unable to procure a copy. He *briefly* recommended to notice the *friend* in whose favour he had undertaken to use *every effort*, and added that should this candidate be deemed ineligible, he should feel no compunction in accepting it himself on account of the local convenience of its situation!!! This dishonourable breach of confidence met with a becoming return, and the public exposure of his letter which ensued, would have cast into irretrievable disgrace any person not endowed with the same matchless effrontery. This divine is likewise one of the four-and-twenty worthies of S——, and in that situation has had frequent opportunities of displaying his intolerable haughtiness, always however in subordination to that

never-failing stimulant, a strict attention to the main chance. The chapter of which he is a member is possessed of the right of presentation to several small livings, which, on account of their trifling value, have ever been considered as beneath the dignity of the prebendaries, and in fact as a provision exclusively belonging to the vicars. It has notwithstanding been the custom when one of these livings became vacant, to offer it successively to the superiors by way of compliment, and until the circumstance I shall mention, their refusals have been inviolable. Established custom, like every other impediment, is easily obviated by this priest; and upon the usual tender of one of these small *vicarial* benefices, he honoured the chapter by his acceptance of it, in express opposition to a settled rule, and to the immediate prejudice of one who had long wistfully expected it, and who had been taught to regard it as his right. To these outlines may be added the fact that our divine was in early life, a professed legacy-hunter, and I have been given to understand that his success was fully equal to his ever watchful attentions.

Were I to attempt to enumerate and expose to merited censure the numerous offenders, whose frequent transgression and dissolute manners at once shock our feelings and insult the religion which they have professedly undertaken to support, I should far exceed the prescribed limits of an article of this nature, and consequently encroach too largely upon your pages deservedly appropriated to other subjects of equal import. Lest, however, the lenity with which some delinquents may be treated, or the total omission of others whose crimes might seem to require similar reprehension, should induce them to be amused at the exposure of their sinful brethren, or to fancy themselves beyond the scourge of satire, I shall beg leave to recommend to your notice some gentlemen who are apparently of the latter description.

There exists in the immediate vicinity of Nottingham a clergyman who in a peculiar manner demands your attention. Far from being contented with the occasional deviations from duty and good order which suffice his less dissipated brethren, this gentleman's time is scarcely adequate to his numerous avocations and engagements, and is, in short, one continued routine of revelry and worldly enjoyment. In affairs of gallantry, the sports of the turf and the field, and libations at the shrine of Bacchus he yields to none; and at the crowded tables of several of the neighbouring nobility and gentry, where "loose revelry and riot bold" keep their tumultuous orgies, he is ever a welcome guest. If such are his daily engagements we cannot feel any surprize that the weekly duty of his parish church should become irksome and disagreeable. Were his offences confined to these improprieties, here perhaps we might leave him, with the reflection that his conduct would not be otherwise injurious to his fellow creatures, than as contributing to bring religion into disrepute, and affording an example to his parishioners and the junior clergy. Thus the pernicious tendency of his behaviour would equally affect us all, and he would merely claim a place in the *οι πολλοι*, the indiscriminate multitude of our faulty priesthood; yet ere we assign him this situation, let us examine his claim to a *superior* rank. Profane swearing is become habitual to him; and though this circumstance is, I hope, sufficient to damn his character as a gentleman, as a minister of the gospel it is infinitely more disgraceful and indecent. Another prominent failing is his unqualified subscription to a fashionable opinion, the absolute uselessness of paying debts. Whence this arises I am wholly ignorant; if from inability, ought not this man to feel ashamed at the bare idea of contracting debts, which at the same time he knows he will be unable to discharge? Was he to apply in the payment of his debts

those sums which he is in the habit of expending by his regular attendance at the Newmarket meetings, and other public exhibitions equally unbecoming, he would not so frequently be under the necessity of descending to mean chicanery and artifice in order to avoid his creditors. Dreadful are the consequences of this infamous but general practice upon the honest tradesman, who endeavours by fair and upright means to maintain himself and family. He avoids compulsory measures for fear of giving offence, and from month to month, nay from year to year the payment of his demands is delayed, till at length from the accumulated misfortunes occasioned by the want of money unjustly withheld, he is reduced to penury and ruin, and finds in the horrors of a prison the reward of his lenity to others. Surely the gentleman to whom I now allude has forgotten the admonition of our Saviour in his beautiful sermon on the mount, "Agree with thine adversary quickly whilst thou art in the way with him, lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison; Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing!" In extenuation of this parson's offences, youth and inexperience cannot be pleaded: for he has grown grey in iniquity, and has long been versed in the ways of wickedness.

From this character we will turn to another equally notorious for his excesses and debauchery; yet to these he publicly adds a total negligence of duty and a scornful disregard of religion. Upon lately ascending the pulpit in which he is accustomed to officiate, he found that he had forgotten or lost his sermon; and instead of evincing any feelings of confusion or shame, he calmly declared his omission to the congregation, and substituted a

chapter from the Bible. On another occasion he discovered that a broken window near the pulpit, which he had before desired should be repaired, remained in the same state ; and with the usual preface of an oath, he exclaimed to the churchwardens, " Unless this pane be mended before next Sunday, the devil may preach to you, for I wont !"

How wide the contrast between the majority of our clergy and the minister of God as they are frequently described in the Holy Scriptures ! The prophet Isaiah exclaims, " I have set watchmen upon thy walls, oh Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night ; ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence." St. Paul requires that a minister " must be blameless as the steward of God, not self-willed, not soon angry, *not given to wine, no striker, not given to filthy lucre* ; but a lover of hospitality, a lover of good men, sober, just, holy, temperate, holding fast the faithful word as he hath been taught, that he may be able by sound doctrine both to exhort and to convince the gainsayers."

Let not those whom I have at various times selected as the subjects of animadversion consider themselves as individually or exclusively attacked, within my circumscribed sphere of observation, there are many others, whose crimes are equally glaring, and who, though now lulling themselves in security, may at some future period grace your pages.

CENSOR.

Nottingham, December 12th, 1810.

THE OVATION OF THE EMPTY CHAIR,

A LAY OF A MODERN MINSTREL.

THE poem from which the following lines are extracted, was written before the author had read our account of his hero's melancholy end, (SATIRIST, No. 35.)—Motives of delicacy have since prevented its publication.--We think, however, that it possesses too much merit to be wholly devoted to oblivion, particularly as the *subject* ought to be remembered as long as a quack patriot exists in England.

Canto I.—The Gathering.

I.

O THAT I had the muse I wot,
 The buxom muse of Walter Scott,
 Whose wand'ring verse and vagrant rhymes,
 Recite the tales of other times,
 Then should that simple muse declare,
 Th' *ovation of the empty chair* !
 The streets so throng'd with eager people,
 Who clung to roof, to chimney, steeple,
 Flock'd sweating all in noon of day,
 With streamers and with favours gay,
 All worthy democratic folks,
 To meet a *patriotic hoax* !
 But that same muse of Mister Wat,
 Of matters recent singeth not,
 Therefore her sister I'll invoke,
 Who whilom did in Grub-street croak.

* * * * *

II.

She comes, the sprightly *Dulness* comes,
 Her inspiration round me hums,
 And all the rush of doggrel rhymes
 Rings thro' my ears in broken chimes.
 She incites me to sing the great hope of the nation,
 The great triumph of freedom she calls me to note,
 How the *Dems* strove to honour Sir Frank's liberation,
 While Sir Frank slipped away, and was off in a boat.
 O! dastard Sir Francis! the people assembled
 In their majesty, thus dost thou venture to scoff?
 Had their majesty caught thee, thou, caitiff, had'st
 trembled,
 And thy Alfred itself not have written thee off!
 The dustmen of Pimlico, th' Isleworth millers,
 The cobblers and butchers who gave thee their day,
 And Och, thy dare friends there, the Tothill-fields
 tillers,*
 Will be asking if ought for thyself thou can'st say.

III.

The morn arose confounded hot,
 When —— rais'd a pewter pot,
 And as the Whitbread juice he swill'd,
 You might have seen the drops, distill'd
 Thro' his black pores in streamlets leak,
 And "course each other" down each cheek;
 He sobb'd and wip'd his wigless head,
 And "what a day" he yawn'd and said.
 Already noon, with sweltering power,
 Began to fry the human shoals,
 Like Christmas sprats upon the coals,
 From Piccadilly to the Tower:

* Irish brick-makers.

When * * * by love of riot roused,
Burst from the arms of Betty Br--de,
In freedom's name six drams carous'd,
Then stalk'd tremendous forth to join the cavalcade.

IV.

Now the blue streamers fill'd the air,
And blue bedeck'd each wanton fair,
Upon whose bosoms, white and bare,
Sir Francis' face you might behold
In bronze, in silver, and in gold,
These from the windows high their handkerchiefs
display,
And shout in shrillest tones, huzza, huzza, huzza.
And here and there thro' lane and street,
The mingling mobs tumultuous meet,
And one another loudly greet,
With Freedom and Sir Frank!
And cleavers smote by marrow bones,
With horns unite their clanking tones,
Some wide throats shouted "John Gale Jones,"
Some parch'd throats stopp'd and drank.
Then move they on in wide unmarshal'd state,
And crowd the Tower hill, and watch the Tower
gate.

V.

Yet must not Miller be forgot,
Who strode a beauteous courser's back,
And rode with amble, canter trot,
While with a bow, a nod, a smack,
The city ladies cried "Good lack,
Is that our shoe-maker, or is it not?"
'Twas he indeed of Skinner-street,
Who shod oft-times their lovely feet,
In leather, silk, or jean.

Him on a steed of Arab race they view,
Which his aspiring rider too well knew,

And bore him with disdain.

With a curvet that made the people jump,
Poor Miller oft came forwards with a bump,

And caught the flowing mane:

The mane with ribbons and with labels gay,

At length to his repeated grasp gave way,

And Snob dropt off in Botolph Lane.

But shook his dusty coat, and crossed his steed again.

VI.

But those who walk and those who ride,

Are swelling the encreasing tide,

That rolls tempestuous down Cheapside,

Where waving banners, tossing wide,

And swimming on the sight, in all directions glide.

Thro' Lombard-street and o'er Cornhill,

The human flood's encreasing still—

Where stopped by loaded coach or cart,

You might perceive a shopman start,

A barber bob his pole—

A butcher with an oath give back,

And chimney sweepers, grim and black,

'Gainst all around them roll.

Thro' Crooked-lane and down Eastcheap

Some timid stragglers scattering creep;

Thus have I seen a numerous flock of geese,

Driv'n far from Lincoln swamp or Cambridge fen,

In wide spread myriads scuffling o'er the leas,

Doom'd for the Mich'elmas of aldermen.

Thro' the highways the gabbling phalanx moves:

They spit, they hiss, they flap their wings and
squall—

Tho' many a straggler round the bushes roves,

Yet all unite at last at fatal Leadenhall.

VII.

Thick over Tower hill there spreads
An ocean of expectant heads.
Sometimes a wide tumultuous sound,
The very welkin doth astound,
Frights the wild beasts and shakes the ground,---
Then sudden silence reigns, all open mouth'd around.
Then every eye's attentive ken
Is fix'd upon the leading men :
C--rt--t they view, of Middlesex,
A major who would cross the Styx
So that he might bring back the shade
Of fam'd Wat Tyler, or Jack Cade.
His troop of horse appears behind,
Their manes and tails blue ribbons bind,
And on their standards you might see,
“ *Hold to the Laws*” and “ *Liberty.*”
Beside him D***'s irreverend mien,
The democratic priest is seen,
Who o'er his cups delighted flings
His dull and dirty jokes at kings.
Then H-ng--r takes the next command,
And blustering thro' his motley band,
Grins as he views his haggard troop,
Yet grinning makes a courtly stoop,
And “ *Liberty !*” exclaims and rides amid the group.

VIII.

As these manœuvre up and down,
No Baronet appearing,
Music and song th' impatience drown,
And shouts each other cheering.

And straightway came a dwarfish bard;
 Black were his brows, his features hard :
 His pimpl'd nose and chin confest,
 What spirit most inspir'd his breast,
 And love, well pepper'd, hot as fire,
 The quintessence of rank desire,
 Shone gloating in his twinkling eye,
 Whene'er a Fleet-street trull went by :
 Mounting a cart he pitch'd a note,
 That might have burst a stentor's throat :
 The echo thro' the houses rang,
 Rattl'd the windows with its clang——
 Not fifty bards of ancient times
 Tho' war notes thundered thro' their rhymes,
 Could e'er have match'd the mighty sound,
 That then from M——l's lungs roll'd fearfully
 around.

IX.

THE BARD'S SONG.

Go it, huzza!—Go it, my boys!
 It is liberty, lads, that's the soul of all joys!
 Go it, lads—go it, lads—go it!
 Ye are Britons, lads, presently show it!
 The Commons, those knaves,
 Why, we made them our slaves—
 We're their lords, boys, and we'll let them know it.

2.

Go it, lads all—go it, huzza !
 Why should a Briton a tax ever pay ?
 Go it, lads—go it, lads—go it !
 If you're free, now's the time, lads, to shew it !

Magna Charta 's the thing,
Says the people is king,
And king, lords, and commons shall know it!

3.

Go it, huzza!—go it, my blades!
Sweet liberty, lads, is the best of all trades!
Go it, lads—go it, lads, go it!
If you've cash, why for armies bestow it?
There's Wardle, he can
With about half a man,
Save the state at all times, and they know it!

4.

Go it, lads all!—go it, huzza!
Let us “hold to the laws” till we make them
give way!
Go it, lads—go it, lads—go it!
For Sir Frank can *by argument* shew it,
That the Commons are fools,
And mere government tools,
And have no rights at all, and they know it!

Canto the Second.

THE BOAT.

I.

Meantime the patriot baronet,
In Cæsar's walls immur'd,
Sat brooding in unsettled fret,
And scarce his thoughts endur'd;
For he had passed a dreadful night,
For he had seen a dreadful sight:

For all alone at midnight hour,
 A dismal peal had shook the Tower,
 And there appear'd before his eyes,
 Gigantic trunks of monstrous size—
 Trunks headless!—a terrific train—
 Who as they march'd in awful state along,
 Chorus'd a low and fearful strain,
 An inward, rumbling, deep, *ventriloquistic* song!

II.

Them guilty conscience seem'd to lead,
 Them silent terror seem'd to heed—
 And apprehension, with dismay,
 Stood trembling at their dismal lay.

SONG OF HEADLESS PATRIOTS.

Beware, beware!—Burdett, beware!
 We on whom you wildly stare,
 Heads of the mob, like you, we were,
 Tho' now, alas! no heads we bear!

Think of our fate; Burdett! beware!
 Some of us for low applause,
 For the shouts of foul-mouth'd jaws,
 Some for desperate faction's cause,
 Vilified the source of laws!

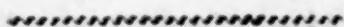
Think of our fate! Burdett! beware!
 We like you, have heard the cry
 Of veering popularity—
 Winds that whistle thro' the sky
 Change not half so rapidly!

Think on our fate! Burdett! beware!

III.

They march'd — slow-paced, before his sight
 As when a funeral by torch light

Moves beside a Gothic wall,
On which gaunt shadows, mingling, fall,
Of mantled men with plume and pall.
So these, a numerous headless throng,
Shapeless and shadowy moved along.
Yet deep within Sir Burdett's breast,
Sunk their words, dispelling rest,
Escaped him oft a pensive groan,
And thoughts, long banish'd and unknown
Rush'd on his brain without controul,
And smote with fearful pangs his soul.
No Cobbett, blustering now was near,
Breathing sedition in his ear,
With purpose dark and undefined,
Swelling the vacuum of the mind.
Not within hearing lay H——ne T——k,
Not within sight his demon look,
That look which gleaming malice fell,
Between the feuds of Earth and Hell,
Glances on both at once, and bids both worlds
rebel.



THE PROFLIGATES OF S——.



“Noli me tangere.”
“Ha! does it gall thee, Tartar?”

TAMERLANE.



GREAT is Diana of the Ephesians! Great is Diana of
the Ephesians! Great is Diana of the Ephesians! Spring
your rattles, ye ghostly watchmen! the geese are cackling

—the Capitol is in danger—the plebeian great toe of the community is uprearing—the body—the body is attacked! the cloak—the cloak is rending! But why so sore, my dear reverend sirs? Why are *your* vices, *your* follies to sculk in petto? Time has been, it is true, when on the appearance of a *trencher cap* or *black apron*, no one durst wag a tongue or stir a finger; but *tempora mutantur*; and while ye persist in your profligacy (nay frown not, your Medusean contractions are useless,) ye shall writhe under the scourge. It has been asked, why, of all men living, are priests the most impatient under the lash of censure? the reason is obvious, and in some measure argues a degree of grace which one would little suspect some of them to possess, namely, a consciousness of that departure from decorum, so inconsistent with their character as ambassadors of Christ; a certain obtrusive feeling which, impudently enough, hints—they do not perform their part of the contract, and, in consequence, are not justly entitled to their full wages. But then, to be *exposed*—to be held up to *public view*—alack! it were not wont to be so in the good days of the Star Chamber, high commission courts, and sundry other most pious and laudable institutions—lost—lost—for ever!!!

In these days of degeneracy and frivolity, how consoling, how congenial to the feelings of every honest man, of every true christian, is the sight of a minister of the gospel living in comfort and harmony with his parishioners. There are some *few* such remaining—some whom neither the scoff of atheism, or the boisterous laugh of demigodcy in embroidery, can deter from the pursuit of that line of conduct they know, from experience, to be consistent with duty. Enter the good man's habitation, you shalt there find all that homely cleanliness and decency so essential to human happiness, no brow oppressed by

care, no feature distorted by passion. Observe him in his daily walks, no one attempts to shun him, all seem anxious to receive a nod, a smile, or the common greetings of the day. Does animosity or strife exist among his charge? Mark but his mild, his unassuming manner of reconciling difference. View him beside the awful bed of sickness—no indecorous precipitancy of expression—no cowardly fastidious dread of contagion. See him advancing to the discharge of his weekly functions—no pompous strut—no coxcomical flippancy; yet shrouded in calm, sedate, animated dignity. But this description of men are not contaminated by the itch for *dominion*; the poison of *sway* has not pervaded their system: these men are not found plunging into the muddy stream of temporals—not clambering up to the bench (what a most wooden appellation! no offence, I hope, 'ant please your worship) not sitting as commissioners of highways or taxes—not scouring over a country, breaking fences, and shouting after dogs in pursuit of vermin—not squatting, in the Miltonian style, at the ear of a landlord to the detriment of his tenantry.* No, these men sail slowly, yet steadily down the placid stream of benevolence, doubtless to the harbour of bliss: and, as they have robbed

* We suppose our intelligent correspondent alludes to a Reverend Magistrate of S——, who once hinted to some of the respectable farmers of *Halloughton*, that their rents were too low, and as he had sufficient influence with the landlord to procure them to be raised, he would instantly *inform* him of it. The character of a prying officious intermeddling informer is in any station of life sufficiently disgraceful, but when a member of that venerable profession to which the above-named personage belongs, so far forgets his duty to himself, and to his office, as to be guilty of conduct such as that we have described, it is impossible to express ourselves in terms of reprobation too severe.

satire of his sting, in this world, they will most assuredly conquer that of *death* in a better.

It seems this *soreness in the flesh* is not actually a new disease, as a very judicious and spirited writer in the early part of the last century thus expressed himself on that subject :

“ It is remarkable, that no order or society of men is so apprehensive of disrespect, or can so little bear the examination into their pretensions, as the greatest part of the ecclesiastics : If you ridicule or laugh at the professions of law and physic, the lawyers and physicians will laugh with you. The same is true of soldiers, merchants, and the professors of almost all arts and sciences, who generally are the first to expose the knaves and fools amongst themselves.

“ If a lawyer, soldier or merchant, deserves the pillory ; neither *Westminster-Hall*, the *Army*, or the *East India Company* are in an uproar ; or complain that the law, trade or the soldiery, are wounded through his sides. The fair sex do not think themselves ill used, when a bawd is tied to a cart, or a naughty nymph beats hemp. The eleven apostles lost no credit when *Judas* hanged himself, nor would any *honest clergyman*, though ever so many of the other sort did the same, or if it was done, legally, for them.

“ But I do not know by what judgment or fatality it happens, that if you but touch the presence or vices of the meanest of the ecclesiastics, so many of their body are in an uproar. They roar aloud. Their order is exposed, their mysteries derided and profaned, and religion itself in danger of being subverted ; and deist or atheist (and Jacobin in those blessed days) is the best word, that is often given to their best friend, and sometimes all of them are given.

“ All other societies of men are contented with the esteem and honour, which result from the usefulness of their employments and professions, and the worth and capacity of their members ; and yet none stand in such a situation, and have so

many advantages to acquire respect and homage, as the clergy. Their office is evidently adapted to promote the welfare of human nature, and to propagate its peace and prosperity in the world, as well as its eternal felicity in the next : so that it is the interest of all men to honour it, and none but a madman will condemn and ridicule what has a manifest tendency to the security and happiness of all mankind.

“ The temporal condition of the clergy does likewise place them far above contempt. They have great revenues, dignities, titles, and names of reverence, to distinguish them from the rest of the world ; and it is too well known that wealth, power, and learning carry to the vulgar a kind of mystery and distant grandeur, and command, not only admiration and reverence, but often a superstitious veneration. Added to this, they have the possession and direction of our fears, and are admitted in health and sickness : every *Sunday* they have the sole opportunity to gain our esteem by worthy and useful instructions, and *all the week* by their good lives. A numerous body of men, so constituted and endowed, so privileged and posted, are capable of being most useful and beneficent to society, if their *actions* are suitable to their *professions*. All the world will acknowledge and pay a willing homage to their merit, and there will be no need of demanding, much less of extorting respect, or of complaints and exclamations for want of it. If, therefore, they want that *respect* they are so fond of, they cannot be to seek for the true reasons, viz. their own *corruptions* and *worthlessness* ; which must be exceedingly great, to get the better of so many advantages. If CLERGYMEN would avoid *contempt*, let them avoid the *causes of it*. Let them not be starting and maintaining several claims to *worldly power*. Let them not be hunting after *honours*, coveting *preferments* and bustling for *riches* : Let them not defy Heaven by *swearing falsely* : Let them win respect and wear it ; but let them not earn *infamy* and demand *veneration*. Let not those of them, who gratify brutish appetites, and live in all vileness, add want of *shame* to their want of *grace*, and bewail that they are con-

temned, while they are deserving it. If a man pretending to great gravity and regard, should dress himself up in a fool's coat, and a pair of horns, would not people laugh at him in spite of themselves? And would not his resentment and rebukes add still to their mirth? A *clergyman* who is *drunk on Saturday*, will but with an ill grace talk of his *dignity* and *ambassadorship* on *Sunday*. Ought we to own and reverence that man as our guide to Heaven, who is himself going a contrary road, and rioting in those vices, which his whole duty is to restrain? The honour therefore of the *good clergy* is consuted and promoted by exposing the *bad*. A profane priest is the disgrace and bane of his own order; and they who stand by him adopt his infamy and defile themselves. If he neglects God, and disturbs human society, how do the clergy suffer though he is whipped or hanged? His punishment is their credit and security, because by it is lopped off from their body a gangrene limb, that incumbered and deformed the rest.

“An unfortunate *Levite*, some years since, had his head cleft by a butcher, who caught him in bed with his wife; and neither the number of *reverend auditors* who attended the trial, a due regard to *the cloth*, or the apprehension of the *carnage* it might produce, could hinder the Judge from directing the Jury to call the crime only *man-slaughter*; which so provoked the meek spirit and patience of a holy brother, then present, that he cried out in the court, *Hey day! here's a fine world! if those things are suffered, there will be no living for us.*”

The true end of satire is to hold up vice in every stage, and under every disguise to public detestation: to awe the tyrant into, a semblance at least, of humanity, to re-illumine the cheek of profligacy with the blush of shame, to immolate those miscreants, on the altar of public justice, who either break through or evade all statutes divine and human. Satire destroys no good man's reputation—butcher's no honest man's good fame---then, shall the *thong* be spared because the *villain* raves? That satire has not

had, at present, the much desired effect *on this side the country* is too evident by the following extract from a small pamphlet just published, and stated to be written by a LAYMAN! “Taking the clergy in a body, (for it is not to be denied but that some few individuals amongst so large a society may be found who are a disgrace to their sacred office,) looking at the clergy collectively, I defy any man to point out a society of men more learned, more respectable, more diligent in their duties, more at once the *support* and the *ornament* of their country.” So, there are only a *few* who are a disgrace to their office; a *few only*, who may easily be thrown into the back ground of those *numerous* Tuscan and Corinthian pillars—“the *support* and *ornament* of their country?” Written by a *layman*, forsooth! Mark me—to thy utter confusion—thou art known!—Dolt—idiot—to think, even for a moment, so flimsy a veil would effectually conceal thee; no, the opening of every sentence, the turn of every period, proclaims its tyrannic, its malignant author. “O *fool, fool, the pains which thou takest to hide what thou art, are more than would make thee what thou wouldest seem; the children of wisdom shall mock at thy cunning; and when thy disguise is stripped off, the finger of derision shall point thee to scorn.*” But due and immediate attention shall be paid to this, the task be mine to strip this WOLF of his *borrowed wool*; and to scourge him howling through the pitiless storm.

FLAGELLATOR,

5th December, 1810.

SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS'S

Philosophical Discovery on the Effect of Fire

It was with the most heartfelt satisfaction that we read in a puff paragraph of the Morning Post, evidently written by the knight himself, the result of an experiment on combustibles, which had been recently made by this most philosophical bookseller.---We are given to understand that Sir Richard has long been attached to this species of experimental philosophy, and from a man of his undoubted experience we receive information with boundless confidence.---Perhaps we are indebted to the leisure which his recent magnificent bankruptcy has afforded, for the valuable discovery which we are about to record in the pages of the SATIRIST.---It seems that this redoubted knight having had various opportunities of observing the progress of combustion, conceived that the process was carried on much quicker when the combustible matter was in a perpendicular position than when it was horizontal; or, to speak more plainly, that fire consumed more rapidly any inflammable material that was above it, than if the same material were on its side.---Now, although divers philosophical cooks have observed, that a shoulder of mutton will come to the dish much sooner if broiled on a grid-iron over a kitchen fire, than if it be roasted on a spit before one, they have never tried any experiment, (at least as far as our information goes) on muslin; and, as there is a vast difference between muslin and mutton, Sir Richard Phillips's last discovery must be considered truly original. We are informed that the knight having procured a piece of muslin, set it on fire at the lower end, and holding it in a perpendicular position it was consumed in a few

seconds; whereas, a piece of the same size, held horizontally, burnt some minutes before it was destroyed---he therefore advises any lady who may catch fire, to extend herself in a horizontal position, and call for assistance at her leisure. Sir Richard's veracity is almost proverbial, but his conclusions may not always be correct; a piece of muslin extended flat upon a carpet, or a hearth, would, of course, from the want of a free circulation of air, burn very slowly; but we very much doubt whether any lady in a muslin dress, even if she were *flatter* than the *flattest* of his own authors, would be able so to dispose herself that no part of her dress would be in a perpendicular position, and we fear that unless she were made of the same materials as the *in-combustible* Spaniard mentioned by Dr. Davis in his "*More Subjects than one*,"* the only part of her that would escape the rapid advances of the devouring element would be that which was beneath her.—Perhaps his successor in No. 6, Bridge street, (the fair but inflammable Mrs. Blacklin) may be persuaded by the philosophic knight to become the subject of such an useful experiment. If she will submit to be *horizontalized* and kindled by him---and if the flame should be found as slow in its progress as it was in his experiment on the muslin, our lovely countrywomen may henceforth consider themselves as incombustible as salamanders. We would, however, advise Sir Richard before he commences his operations on the lady to provide himself with the parish engine.

We have applied the epithet "*inflammable*" to the ingenious inventress of "the Almeida bonnet," because she *took fire* so quickly at the resemblances which we discovered between her trade, and that of the knight whose apartments she now inhabits, as will appear from

* See SATIRIST, No. VI. p. 85, vol. 2.

the following note, which was forwarded to us by the two-penny post in a very few hours after the publication of our last number.

(Copy.)

"No. 6, New Bridge-street.

"Mrs. Blacklin is surprised at observing in that infamous work, the *Satirist*, a ridicule of herself and Sir R. Phillips, which as *they*" (*Query*. Who? Mrs. B. and the knight?) have altogether misrepresented the case, she occupying only the *upper part* of No. 6, Bridge-street (which was never used in the way of business by Sir R. P.) she desires an apology may be made in the next number, as her *connections would be* much injured by their false report; if they have the least *sense* of justice, and wish to bear the character they profess they will not *hesitate* in complying with this request."

To the Editor of the *Satirist*.

This note, great part of which is to us perfectly unintelligible, has grievously affected and seriously embarrassed our weak minds.---We have read the article alluded to over and over again, but are still at a loss to discover any thing that would injure Mrs. Blacklin's *connections*.---The lady solicits, nay desires an *apology*, and who can refuse to gratify the desires of so fair a milliner? But for what would she have us apologize? And what is the false report to which she alludes? We asserted that "the house in which the *great* and *generous* Sir Richard lately presided had become the habitation of a vendor of caps, and a manufacturer of *furbelows*." Is it this that she wishes us to contradict? Impossible! It is admitted in the note that she does reside in the *upper part* of the Knight's late house, and if by the upper part the lady means the *garrets*, we apprehend that these were the very apartments *most used* by Sir Richard "in the way of business," for most of his late publications

were evidently of *garret* manufacture*. Are we to apologize for insinuating that the lady deals in caps and furbelows? If so we shall have no *hesitation* in declaring that we have her authority to contradict this malicious report, provided she will give us such authority. We observed that Sir Richard and Mrs. Blacklin both dealt in furniture for the *head*. Perhaps Mrs. Blacklin may think that their respective wares were more adapted to the *other extremity*; and if it will be any satisfaction to her, we will think so too. We said Sir Richard's most celebrated works were cut out with a pair of scissars, and so were Mrs. Blacklin's? If this be the false report for which the lady desires us to apologize, we have no objection to declare, in our next number, that all *her* most celebrated works, the Almeida bonnet included, are cut out with a *hatchet* or a *carving knife*. We have, also, (we solemnly declare without the smallest intention of saying that which was untrue) affirmed "that some of Mrs. Blacklin's commodities have, like Sir Richard's *best* works, been *hot-pressed*;" if, however, she conceives this *hot-pressing* at all calculated to injure her connections, we will, the moment she proves her opinion to be correct and our statement false, candidly confess our error, and willingly assert that *none* of her commodities have ever been pressed at all; but in this case we must beg to hear from her before she becomes the subject of the *ignipotent* knight's horizontal experiments.

* We have heard a curious story of the Knight's having *locked up* one of his authors in a garret to prevent him spending his time in *idleness*.

EXTRACTS FROM COBBETT.

 No. V.

Taken from his Works, Vol. 2, pages 97, 98, 102, 105, 108, 109.

“ Out of thine own mouth will I convict thee.”

“ THE history of the *United Irishmen* will not detain us long. Soon after the ever-to-be-regretted epoch, when God, in his wrath, suffered the tinkers, butchers, harlequins, quacks, cut-throats, and other modern philosophers, to usurp the government of France, their brethren in Ireland, tempted by the successful example, began, with wonderful industry, to prepare for taking the government of that country into their hands. With this laudable end in view, they formed what they called their *society* in the city of Dublin. To say, in what manner they proceeded to business would be superfluous, since we know they were democrats. Their meetings, as among us, produced resolves in abundance, and good fortune seemed for a time to smile upon them. The press was suffocated with their addresses and letters of fraternity, which were swallowed by the mob, for whom they were intended, with an appetite which generally characterises that class of citizens. But, all of a sudden, when they were in the height of their work, mangling the carcass of the government, the magistracy soused down upon them, like an eagle among a flock of carrion crows. Here was fine helter skelter ; fining, imprisoning, whipping, and emigrating ; some ran this way, others that ; some came to America to brew whiskey, some went to France to gather laurels, while others of a more philosophical turn set off to Botany Bay to cull simples.

* * * * *

“The ostensible object of the *United Irishmen*, like that of all

other usurpers, from the beginning of the world to the present day, was a *reformation* in the government of their country. To say much about a plan of reform proposed by a "band" of such obscure and illiterate persons, as their proceedings prove them to be, would be paying ignorance too much attention, and would be, besides in a great measure, superfluous, as we have already been favoured with the newest constitution of a sister republic, of which that proposed by the *United Irishmen* was but a counterpart. I cannot refrain from making mention of an argument they adduce in support of *universal suffrage*. This is the master-wheel in the machine of reformation, as it transfers the power from the hand of the rich into the hands of the poor; all government mechanics do therefore make it a principal object of their attention, but those of Ireland have made use of an argument in its support that I never should have expected to hear; no not even from them. "The poorest man in the land," say they, "pays taxes for his fire, his candles, his potatoes and his cloathing; and *the poorer he is the greater occasion he has for a vote*, to protect that little he has, which is necessary, not to his qualifications merely, but to his very existence:" now unfortunately, for the system of these legislators, they have here kicked down the whole structure of mud that those disinterested philosophical politicians, Priestly and Price, whom they pretend to adore, had been so long in raising. *These* complained bitterly that an immense copyhold estate did not give a vote, while a beggarly tenement of forty shillings a year did give one, and that an insignificant borough sent as many members to the parliament as a rich mercantile town. But, according to the reasoning of the *United Irishmen*, all this is perfectly right; for if a man's right to vote increases in proportion to his poverty, most certainly a little beggarly tenement must have a greater right to give a vote than an estate of a thousand a year. In vain would the *United Irishmen* plead their privileges of speaking twice; what they have advanced on their subject is too unequivocal to admit of explanations; what is just when applied to individuals, is also just when applied to communities; and if

what they say be true, *Old Sarum*, whose *poor one house* has been the stumbling-block all of re-organizers of latter days, has much more right to send two members to parliament than the city of London, which contains above a hundred and forty thousand houses.

* * * * *

"Rebellion," says Swift, "ever travels from North to South, that is to say, from poverty to plenty." The dean knew mankind pretty well, but not better than his countrymen, the *United Irishmen*, as we shall see by their address to the poor. "To you," say they, "the poorer classes of the community, we address ourselves. We are told you are *ignorant*, we wish you to enjoy *liberty*, without which no people was ever *enlightened*: we are told you are uneducated and immoral; we wish you to be educated, and your morality improved by the most rapid of all instructors: a good government. Do you find yourselves sunk into poverty and wretchedness? Examine *peaceably* and attentively the plan of *reform* we now submit to *you*. Consider, does it propose to do *you* justice? Does it propose to give *you* sufficient protection? for we have no fear but that the *rich* will have justice done to them, and will be sufficiently protected."—In another place, they tell their poor friends, that it is the "*unequal partition of rights*, that is the cause of their poverty, and that makes *them mob*." It is *thus* that the *ambitious troublers of mankind* ever find their way to the hearts of the lower classes of the community. They flatter their natural inclinations, which is ever to attribute their wants and misfortunes, which are usually no more than the lot of humanity, or the natural consequences of their own idleness or profligacy, to the errors or wickedness of those who rule them. By an *equal partition of rights*, there is not the smallest doubt that the *united Irishmen* meant an equal partition of property: It would have been nonsense to talk about any other kind of rights to "the beggar on the bridge;" and I believe, few people (I mean people of property) will blame the sensible part of the Irish nation for objecting to an

equal partition of those rights. It is in vain for revolutionists to attempt at any other explanation of the equal rights of man, it must ever end as in France, in the ruin of the rich, and its inevitable consequences, universal poverty. If such people were to speak the language of their hearts, they would not say to their rulers, "you are vicious, corrupt men; you are the curses of your country." No; they would say: "you are rich rogues while we are poor ones, change situations, and all will be right." But, even admitting that a partition of property was not understood, that does not justify the address above cited. It is extremely dangerous to talk about an *equal partition* of any thing new-a-days, and particularly in a country, where those who are called the people are (for want of education no doubt) supposed to have but very confused ideas of *mine* and *thine*. 'Tis true, we are told that that most rapid of all instructors, a good government, would educate them in a trice; but, rapid as their progress might be, there is great reason to fear, that the partition might take place before their education could be finished, and then I leave any one to guess, what a scratching and scrambling there would be. Besides, with these citizens permission, may we not doubt, that a good government is not so rapid an instructor as they would make us believe? I fancy nobody will say that our government is a bad one, and yet we do not perceive, that those of the lower classes of their countrymen, who do us the honour to come among us improve so rapidly as they pretend. There are hundreds (I am afraid I might add a cypher or two) of them in those states, who after a residence of several years, are no more able to distinguish between *mine* and *thine*, than they were the very first day of their landing. If any one can doubt of this, let him pay attention to the advertisements in the Gazettes, and if he still remains unconvinced, let him go into the courts of oyer and terminer. This naturally leads us to another cause of discontent with the United Irishmen; namely, the criminal code of their country. "The spirit of our laws," say they, "is aristocratic, and by no means calculated for the protection

of the *poor*. To pass over the remarkable instance of the game laws and stamp act, we shall refer to a much more important system, our criminal code. If the lower classes of people had been represented in parliament, when their necessities first urged them to insurrection and outrage, parliament would have enquired into, and redressed their grievances, instead of making laws to punish them with death."—"The acts which are prohibited by *many* of our laws, are crimes: but the punishment, inflicted by those laws are still greater crimes. The reason of this disproportion is, the rich man is never guilty of *sheep stealing*, and the poor man has no one to plead his cause in the senate." Delightful doctrine! It is a clear case, if the parliament were composed of sheep-stealers, sheep stealing would be no crime; and it is for this very reason, that all those who have sheep, wish to keep them out of parliament. Oh! the unconscionable aristocrats, not to set the patriot wolves to guard their sheep; it was certainly very aristocratic also to make laws to punish poor fellows with death, for nothing but a little innocent amusement called insurrection and outrage! no wonder they should hide away to the rest of the Alleghany mountains, where (as they supposed) they might recreate themselves without any apprehensions from the fatal fingers of Jack Catch, and the subsequent operations of those "flaying rascals the surgeons." However I must be permitted to say, that I cannot perceive the inconveniences of having such a parliament as is not ready to obey every mob, whose necessities may prick them on to insurrection and outrage; on the contrary, we have lately experienced the good effects of having an assembly of exactly the same description.* Nor can I for my life see why a rich man is less fit for the business of making laws merely because he is "never guilty of sheep-stealing." The United Irishmen have here spoken out plainer than any other club of democrats that I have yet heard of: their principles have, indeed, been acted upon to the fullest extent by the sheep-stealing law-givers whom they had fixed

* Written in America. E.

upon as their model; but neither the infamous Barrere, Robespierre, nor even Marat, ever had the impudence to avow them openly. In short, when we hear the United Irishmen whining about their criminal code, we cannot help calling to mind the well known story of their countryman and the justice; "don't cry, my lad," said the magistrate, "you'll have justice done you." "Arrah, man," replied Pat, blubbering, "and that's all I'm afraid of."

"The United Irishmen, after having displayed all their eloquence in vain to persuade their rich neighbours to consent to a partition, and to repeal the aristocratic laws which punish an honest fellow for sheep-stealing, threaten to leave them to themselves. "If a time of reform should not soon arrive," say they, "if this country should still remain abused and contented; "there is a world elsewhere" (I am afraid they mean here) "to which *he* will go; where freedom is, there is our country, and there shall be our home. Let this government take care; let them think of depopulation, and tremble.—Who makes the rich? The *poor*.—Who makes the shuttle fly, and the plough cleave the furrows?—The *poor*.—Should the poor emigrate what will become of you, proud, powerful, silly men? Who will feed you when hungry, or clothe you when naked?"—*This* is the language that wins the heart of *King Mob*. What more than *Hibernian* front must a set of *begging philosophers* have to insist that the *poor maintain the rich*? No: you dolts, it is not the poor who make the shuttle fly, and the plough cleave the furrows, but the rich.—Ask your brother Sansculottes in France, whether it was the rich or the poor.—Here we have experience for our guide, and not your *blunderheaded* projects. There are no rich in France; all property is annihilated, and what are the consequences? The shuttle flies no more, and the people are without bread."****

FOREIGN SINGERS.

UNDER this head we, in our last number, descanted upon the impolicy of suffering such large importations of inferior foreign artists as have recently taken place, to the detriment of native talent, and we, also, reprobated in strong terms the conduct of those who suffered these exotics to engross their patronage.

In the course of our observations an allusion was made to a gentleman "holding a most confidential situation in a public office," who, as was hinted, had such a predilection for foreigners that his favourite guests and servants were all persons of that description. This allusion has been by many supposed to apply to a gentleman in the Treasury, and it is therefore but justice to state that we have been assured by a friend, whom we have long known and respected, that this gentleman has not a single foreign servant in his house, and that very few foreigners are honored by his acquaintance.

We by no means object to any introduction or preference of *superior* talent wheresoever it may have been reared; our remarks were levelled at those miserable artists who have come to England because they could not meet with fools to patronize them in any other country, and who are in the constant habit of reviling, and probably of betraying, that government by which they are tolerated; we also wished to excite the blush of shame in the cheeks of those fashionable idiots, who, while they open their houses and exert their utmost interest for the most despicable foreigners, would think their reputation for taste and judgment irretrievably injured if they were to manifest the slightest approbation of British excellence. If any English

professor were to attempt having a concert in the manner of certain *Italians*, where is the fashionable fair one who would offer him the use of her house, and where would he find patrons willing to give him *five guineas* for a single subscription to *four* concerts, that is, *one pound six shillings and three pence* for each admission?

It is notorious that numerous foreigners find little difficulty in procuring both, but Messrs. Harrison and Bartleman with all their acknowledged merit, and notwithstanding, in addition to their own, they procure the assistance of the very same musical talents which these *Italians* employ, are obliged to be at the expence of a public concert room, and to dispose of their tickets for considerably *less* than *half* the price obtained by their exotic rivals.

We promised to relate, in our present number, a few particular instances of the insolence and baseness of certain Italian artists.---It is a notorious fact, that one of these gentlemen peremptorily refuses all engagements (*public* and *private*) unless his mistress is included, and thus it is impossible to be gratified with his justly admired notes without being doomed immediately afterwards to hear the disagreeable and discordant tones of his *chere amie*. It is a common practice with many Italian musicians to procure appointments connected with the choir of the Portuguese ambassador's chapel, for no other purpose than to preserve them from being arrested, and thus are they enabled to cheat their creditors with impunity.---This is done not only by those who are in a state of poverty, but by some, who, notwithstanding they obtain an immense income from their concerts and their pupils, prefer chicanery and luxury to honor and honesty. We are certain that his excellency M. Souza cannot be aware of this shameful abuse of his privileges; perhaps we may, at

some future period, call his attention more *pointedly* and more *particularly* to the subject.—The following anecdote, which we know to be fact, will shew, in a proper light, the ridiculous prejudice which some people entertain in favor of foreigners.—A lady of distinction had invited a large party of her friends to a private concert, or, as she expressed it on her cards, “to a little music.”—After the greater part of the company had assembled, an *English* professor, (a pupil of Mozart’s, and unquestionably one of the best musicians in *Europe*) was requested to preside at the piano, which he accordingly did for some time, to the delight of every person present who knew good music from bad: at length, however, Signior F—— entered the room, when the enraptured hostess ran up to him, exclaiming, “Oh, my dear Signior! how delighted I am to see you!—We have been able to do nothing without you—for God’s sake go instantly to the piano, I am dying to hear you; you accompany so divinely!” Signior F—— politely thanked her for the compliment, and with great propriety modestly observed, that it was impossible any person could give more satisfaction at the piano than the gentleman who was then presiding at it! “Yes,” replied the silly woman, “but you know he is not an *Italian*!” This was irresistible, and Mr. — was requested to resign his seat; of course he retired from the room in disgust.

We cannot conclude this article without expressing how much we were gratified at reading a paragraph in the *Morning Post*, which intimated that a patent had been obtained for an ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE. Such an establishment, if well conducted, would be an honor to the country, and we hope and trust that it will receive the cordial support of the fashionable world, who may thus erase the stain which their foolish predilection for foreigners has occasioned in their national character.

THE GARRAT MEETING.

YESTERDAY a numerous and respectable meeting of the mayor, aldermen, common councilmen and livery of the city of Garrat, was held in the Guildhall, to take into consideration the extraordinary conduct of his majesty's ministers in delaying to consult the said mayor, aldermen, common councilmen and liverymen upon the subject of the projected regency; about twelve o'clock the chair was taken by the worthy lord mayor, Sir Harry Dimsdale, Knight, who in a neat but concise speech opened the business of the meeting. Several gentlemen attempted to express their sentiments, but unfortunately they all completely lost sight of the question, and only talked of *their own* importance as a legislative body: the following resolutions, however, being produced from the pocket of a very respectable linen-draper and smuggler, were carried unanimously.

RESOLVED—That Sir Francis Burdett's observations relative to the propriety of consulting the citizens of London upon the proper mode of appointing a regent, is equally applicable to the mayor and corporation of Garrat.

RESOLVED—That it is the duty of his majesty's ministers, in the present emergency, to be governed by the advice of those enlightened patriots, Mr. Alderman Wood, alias *Little Mat.*, Mr. Robert Waithman, buyer and seller of Indian shawls, Mr. Quin, *ci-devant* professor of pugilism in the city of Paris, Mr. Favel, slop-seller, and purveyor of dissenting schoolmasters, Sir Harry Dimsdale, Knight and bellows-mender, and such of their friends as may be appointed to form a *Legislative Committee* for the Corporations of London and Garratt.

RESOLVED—That the thanks of this meeting be given to Sir Francis Burdett, for the excellent speech in which he contended that the House of Commons could not issue a writ for the election of any new member *without the authority of the King*, and that the freedom of this corporation be presented to him in a tin box, value sixpence, for having repeatedly contended on former occasions, that the king had no right to interfere, *in any manner* whatsoever, in the elections of members of parliament.

RESOLVED—That Sir Harry Dimsdale be requested to accept the thanks of this meeting for his *upright* and impartial conduct in the chair.

(Signed) CONKY BEAU, Secretary.

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COBBETT'S PRISON LUCUBRATIONS.

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No. V.
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“Truth, give it fair play, will always triumph over falsehood. Put them against one another, giving them both the free scope of the press, and there is no fear, but the former will prevail. Every man must know this ; and as every man has the ability to state plain facts in his defence his *appealing to the law always* is, and *always MUST BE*, a circumstance conveying suspicion that *he wants truth* wherewith to repel the attack.”

Cobbett's Political Register, September 10th, 1808. p. 402.

“I cannot help writing a word or two here upon the manner of Mr. Bell's proceeding against the calumniator * * he appealed to the old common law of the land. * * * The public are obliged to Mr. Bell for pulling out this Byrne by the ears, and holding him up like a *pole cat* dragged from his hole. There is an associate of this *reptile* of whom WE” (MARK

THE *WE*, READER) " shall catch hold before it is long, though he thinks himself at this time very safe."

Political Register, December 22nd, 1810. p. 1253.*

In charity to our readers, who must be disgusted with our frequent exposure of the atrocious *convict* Cobbett, we intended to have abstained from our monthly castigation of him in the present number, but there is something in his *Register* of this evening (December 22d.) which we cannot suffer to pass unnoticed. Our readers, if they have ever had the misfortune to read the 14th volume of this same Political Register, from which we have taken the last extract in our motto, must recollect that he there, in twenty different places, reprobates *every species* of action for libel, and so late as the beginning of the present year, such was his *pretended* dislike to appealing to the laws, that he intimated to Colonel Wardle, who had commenced numberless actions (*for damages*) against various authors, publishers, &c. for supposed libels on his *immaculate* character, that if he did not drop them, he (*Cobbett*) would drop him. The Colonel, knowing how necessary it was *for the good of his country* that a certain description of persons should hang together, consented; and had the satisfaction of paying *our costs* among those of divers other persons. Now we, who know every secret spring of the *convict's* malignant heart, were perfectly aware of the *motive* which caused all this *pretended* lenity towards the literary assailants of his factious friends: the truth is, COBBETT felt conscious that he was himself the most infamous libeller in the kingdom, and he dreaded lest his friends, by commencing prosecutions against their *opponents*,

* N. B. Both these extracts relate to prosecutions, by action for damages in libel cases.

should stimulate *others* to take cognizance of his own atrocities. But no sooner was he safely caged in Newgate, no sooner had all hopes of longer escaping with impunity vanished, than his lenity towards "his brethren of the press" *ceased*. From that moment he gave a loose to all his malignity. The editor of the *Morning Post*, one of his literary antagonists, was number after number, held out in his *Register* as a man who deserved to be prosecuted infinitely more than himself, John Gale Jones, and the horde of mischievous libellers, who now, God be praised! are peeping through the bars of their respective jails.

At length, to his great joy, a Mr. *Hugh Bell* brought an action against Mr. Byrne, and having, to the astonishment of all those who heard, or have read, the trial, obtained a verdict and 500*l.* damages, Cobbett, in the savage joy and triumphant malignity of his heart, forgetting all he had previously said against appealing to the laws, vehemently applauds the conduct of his friend Bell in prosecuting the proprietor of the *Morning Post* for a libel, and gravely asserts that this trial is "of ten thousand times more interest to Englishmen than are all the preparations of Napoleon," though only the week before he hinted, pretty broadly, that those *préparations* would atchieve the ruin of this country!!!

Of Mr. Hugh Bell, thank God, we know nothing, except that he was, and we believe is, the friend of O'Connor, and that *Cobbett* represents him to be "a *respectable* merchant." This last circumstance, independent of the other, would be sufficient to create no very favourable impression in his favour, for we all know what sort of people this *convict* calls *respectable*. It appears that Mr. Bell brought this action against Mr. Byrne, not for any thing of the latter's own writing, but for the republica-

tion of an extract from a speech of the attorney-general for Ireland, which had previously appeared in the Dublin Journal and numerous other papers *twelve years ago* ! Now if this extract, in which it was stated that Mr. Bell was taken up on a *charge* of high treason, when in fact he was only in custody on *suspicion* of that horrible crime, were so highly injurious to his character, how came he not to appeal to the laws for redress on its *first appearance* ?* Did he conceive that it would do him more injury in 1810 than in 1798 ? Or was he afraid in 1798 that *recent impressions* would induce a jury to award him less than 500*l. damages* ? Perhaps he imagined, that in those days, men would be apt to suppose that no person would have been arrested on *suspicion*, unless there had previously been some *charge* preferred against him. Colonel Wardle could have told Mr. Bell that *charges* are very often preferred against the *innocent*. It appears from Lord Ellenborough's charge to the jury (which we have copied beneath† *verbatim* from Cobbett's Register of this day,) that the verdict entirely turned upon the nice distinction between the words "*suspicion*" and "*charge*." Now it does appear very astonishing that although the former word would have been *harmless*, the latter should be deemed *injurious* to the amount of 500*l.* !!! We by no means wish to insinuate " that the jury acted contrary to their con-

* Mr. Bell has, we understand, brought an action against the editors of other newspapers, probably he hopes to make his fortune by these honourable speculations.

† Lord Ellenborough briefly stated the evidence. If it had appeared that the warrant was on a *charge* of high-treason, the *justification would have been made out*, and a verdict must have gone for the defendant; but the warrant only was, on suspicion of high-treason. It was certainly improper that a person's name should have been introduced as the plaintiff's

sciences," (of which insinuation Cobbett *falsely* and indecently accuses Mr. Byrne) ; but we beg to observe that different men have different *consciences*, and, unfortunately, these consciences are not unfrequently influenced by *political feelings*. Had the *Newgate convict* been upon the jury, we doubt not but HIS *conscience* would have agreed to award Mr. Bell five *thousand* pounds. We have no doubt but that the jury honestly gave such damages, and such only, as, according to their feelings, the case required. In cases of a political nature, there are very few jurymen who can in the strictest sense of the word be considered *impartial* ; we feel this so strongly ourselves that, although we trust we have magnanimity enough to do justice, even to our most inveterate enemy, no consideration whatever should induce us to be upon any jury, whose verdict was to affect either the life or liberty of a man whose politics we abhorred, as we do those of Cobbett and his abandoned associates. We beg our readers to peruse with attention the charge of Lord Ellenborough before quoted---it is short, but it contains the very essence of law and justice. We know in a case of damages the court very seldom disturb the verdict of a jury, but, when all the circumstances of the action are considered, we cannot imagine that a new trial will be refus-

was ; but the jury would take it into their serious consideration, in apportioning damages, how the evil was palliated, by its having been done so long since, by the consideration of the rumour having extended as widely as probably it would ever extend. The Dublin Journal came over to London, and was probably sometimes in the hands of the present jury ; so that the additional circulation by the Morning Post *could not have the effect of much additional injury*. A verdict must be found for the plaintiff.

ed on the present occasion. While we are upon this subject, we cannot forbear noticing the unfortunate altercation which took place at this trial between the counsel, for both of whom we have the highest respect. Mr. Topping bears the character of an honorable and amiable man; but certainly, although we will not go so far as to say that his conduct in this instance was "scandalous and slanderous," we must state our opinion that it was imprudent, unfair, and contrary to that courtesy which is due from one barrister to another. We dare say that Mr. Topping by no means meant to insinuate that the Attorney General had been guilty of any unnecessary severity in the exercise of his duty, but that the miscreants who are feeling the effects of his recent, *just, necessary, and, we might add, too long delayed*, prosecutions, so understood him, is evident, for COBBETT in his report of the trial has marked with *italics* all those passages which so justly excited the indignation and resentment of Sir Vicary Gibbs.

Let us now return to the *Prison Lucubrations* of the Newgate convict, (we shall call him 'student' no longer, as he has now acquired all that is necessary to form an experienced *jail-bird*.) Our readers will pardon us for again quoting from this day's *Political Register* the passage which we have before given in our motto to this article.

"The public are obliged to Mr. Bell for pulling out this Byrne by the ears, and holding him up like a *pole cat* dragged from his hole. There is an *associate* of this *reptile* of whom WE shall catch hold before it is long."

Pol. Reg. December 22d, p. 261.

This last sentence places the subject in quite a new light. What secrets has this little pronoun "WE" betrayed? Yet surely Mr. Hugh Bell, "*the respectable merchant*," cannot have entered into a league with *convicts* and "*mob*."

serving miscreants, yeleft *reformers*”*, to prosecute for libels all those who endeavour to expose the wicked machinations of the seditious and disaffected ! Surely *this* “*respectable merchant*,” cannot have consented to be made the *cat's-paw* of such despicable wretches. This “WE” must allude to the future and not to the past. We heard before that meetings had been held in the *arch convict's* cell, by certain *professed* friends of a *free press*, to consider the best means of *silencing* that part of the *press* which was inimical to their accursed schemes of anarchy. We heard also that one Hallet, a friend of the *arch convict's*, had been advised to bring actions against *the Satirist*, and that these *professed* friends of a *free press* had resolved to *enter into a subscription*, to defray the expences of all prosecutions for libel which might be commenced by their advice, against those whom they sneeringly denominate the “loyal ;” but we have not heard that Mr. Hugh Bell, “*the respectable merchant*,” was present at these meetings, nor that he was a party to these subscriptions ; we therefore hope that he will, by an explicit *denial*, prove that the injurious *suspensions* which Cobbett's use of the pronoun “*we*” have universally excited, are totally unfounded.

We know not whom the *convict* means by “the *associate*” of Mr. Byrne : that gentleman has, we dare say, many *associates*, who are most cordially hated by the *Newgate Committee* ; and of whom they would be glad “to catch hold :” we would, however, advise them to take special care that they are not *caught hold of* themselves. What unparalleled effrontery must this convict have to talk of the *falsehoods* and *calumnies* of others, after having himself positively asserted that he never, except in ONE INSTANCE, was even threatened with the vengeance of the law ; though he had previously published at full length, no less

* Vide Cobbett's Works.

than six trials for libels, in all of which he was *convicted*! after having declared in his Register of September 10th, 1808, that *we* were six or eight authors whom Sir R. Phillips had discharged for stupidity; and again, that he had found this account of us to be perfectly true, (see his *Register* of Jan. 14th, 1810.) although not one person connected with the *Satirist* had ever even *seen* Sir Richard, or had the most distant connection with that egregious bookseller, and, in short, after having been guilty of more falsehoods and more calumnies than ever libeller before or since had the audacity to promulgate.

This "*pole-cat*," is "*a reptile*" * whose name he frequently uses by way of illustrative comparison; in Sept. 1808, he solemnly protested that our "*retreats* were more secret and far more *filthy* than those of the fox or the *pole-cat*, and that we lived upon "*buckets of broth and bullocks liver*;" we have this precious article properly authenticated, and if he chooses to invite us to a meeting in Westminster Hall our counsel shall have it also, together with a curious collection of *other interesting documents*. His railings against appealing to the laws in libel cases, have never put us off our guard; we have long been preparing for a legal contest with this odious *convict*, whose malignity we knew was not to be restrained by his most solemn protestations and professions. At present he endeavours to assail us through the medium of his idiot and profligate friends; but don't be surprized, reader, if the wretch, conscious that in point of reputation he has nothing to lose, and availing himself of the Newgate subscription to protect his pocket, should himself have the impudence to appeal to these laws which he has so frequently abused, and so repeatedly violated!!!

Dec. 22d, 1810.

* Vide our motto.

COBBETT.

—
"Multum in parvo."
 —

"Let the slanderers of the honorable baronet, (Sir F. Burdett) and the pretended friends of the Crown point to one single instance in which he refused his hearty assent to any measure calculated to support the *dignity and splendour* of the crown, or to afford *personal gratification* to any member of the royal family.* They can point out NO such instance." *Vide Cobbett's Political Register, December 19th, 1810, p. 1234.*

—
 "I detest and loathe Sir Francis Burdett; I would trample upon him for his FALSE, BASE, and INSOLENT insinuations *against his and my SOVEREIGN!!!*" *Cobbett's Political Register, August 7th, 1802, p. 151.*

 POLITICAL CHEMISTRY.

A FRAGMENT.

—
 * * * * * We had taken two turns in the park when the stranger suddenly stopping, exclaimed "thou art worthy of initiation! come then to my laboratory; there shalt thou see farther into these things!"

—
 * How highly the Duke of York must have been *gratified* by the *honorable* baronet's conduct during the *parliamentary* investigation of his Royal Highness's conduct.

Half an hour's walk through various windings brought us at least to an ancient habitation in an obscure alley, when my conductor leading the way up a gloomy staircase, opened the door of his garret with great caution, into which having entered I perceived by the glimmering light of the expiring embers several shelves, with phials ranged along them, some crucibles, retorts, spirit lamps, and other chemical utensils. I now began to suspect my companion either to be an alchymist or a quack doctor; when he, observing my surprize, whispered to me, that having dedicated much of the earlier part of his life to metaphysics, in which he had often blundered without coming nearer to certainty, he had at length hit upon the truth, and discovered that all *spirit* was *matter* in an aeriform or gaseous state; and that nothing was so easy as to collect a portion of this *spiritual gas* from such individuals as he wished to analyze. This *gas*, he added, was not always in an aeriform state, but flew off with great rapidity when united with *caloric*; of course, he never found any difficulty in collecting it at *common-halls, political clubs, debating societies, and methodist chapels*. In the latter, indeed, he observed from the effect of the hymns, the closeness of the bodies, and the consequent electric attraction from attrition, it was extremely difficult to separate matter from spirit, except at the close of their love feasts. In the debating societies too it often happened that an extraordinary portion of spirit had entered into combination with the various bodies, so as to fly off freely by the addition of caloric, and even sometimes to produce a rapid combustion; and in fact, could at times be confined in the vessels only by *parchment stoppers*; as for the places first mentioned, there he could always, by the assistance of a few cabalistical words, such as place, pen-

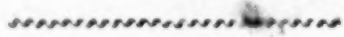
sion and reform, throw off a sufficient quantity of the gas, for analization. Then pointing to his phials, "there," said he, "are confined some very potent spirits, which it is however rather difficult to keep in that state: look at that tall bottle with a long neck, *on the left of the chair!* that contains some of the *modern patriotic* gas, but I have never yet been able to procure it in a pure state. At present you see it strongly tinged with the *tincture of vanity*, which has the same effect in my department of chemistry, as syrup of violets has with other chemical bodies, being susceptible of rapid changes of colour, from the union of political acids and alkalies. But we will try it with our tests---by the bye, it has no great affinity for any tests---and having lately been procured in a *fixed* state, and *assayed at the Tower*, it evaporated *per se*, refusing to unite with the heterogeneous spirits which had been collected to receive it." In fact, added he, "I fear it can never be brought to stand the true test; but we will examine it by some others. We must endeavour, however, to get rid of some of the extraneous substances with which it is united: as for the *spirit of vanity*, that is in too fixed a state to be *volatilized*, but I doubt not that I shall be able shortly to *precipitate* it; but the most difficult to manage is that portion of *aurum potable* which you may see floating in it. That indeed is a very troublesome substance to manage; for when I used *this* gas as a test for the *spirit of electioneering honesty*, I found the latter so strongly clouded with the aurum potable contained in the gas, as in many instances to put on a degree of *extreme blackness*, which became deeper and deeper *after repeated trials*." My companion now took up a phial of the essence of harts-horne, which had been *taken up* so often, as to be *nearly expended*; on adding it, drop by drop, the aurum potable was gradually precipitated from the *patriotic mixture*, was

seized by the harts-horne, and united with it so intimately as not to be drawn from it afterwards. As soon as the gas was fully saturated with the essence, a most violent ebullition took place, with such rapid symptoms of combustion, that it became absolutely necessary to apply instantly some of the *spirit of mace*, on which a speedy condensation ensued.

My companion now produced another bottle, containing a heavy dull-looking fluid, without any appearance of spirit whatever; but on my noticing this, he told me that I must not judge by appearances, as it never continued two days of the same colour; that, in fact, it changed so often, he was strongly induced to suppose that it contained a large portion of the *spirit of faction*, and he knew that it was in most active combination with the *spirit of rancour*. "At present," said he, "you may perceive that it is in a *confined state*, and has been for some time in a *cool place*; but if we warm it at the *Register*, you will find it unite readily with substances, to which at times it has been in the most violent state of repulsion." Having placed it on the *Register*, he added a small portion of the first subject of experiment: at first, the two gases flew to opposite ends of the bottle, and appeared to possess that feeling for each other which *Des Cartes* said nature had for a *vacuum*; but when the operator began to *wind'em* about, a partial union took place, and shortly after they rushed together, forming a concrete substance on the sides of the vessel, which from its resemblance to brimstone, seemed to be of an *infernal nature*! He was now proceeding to further analysis, when I observed to him that the subject was in a compound state; "never mind," said the stranger, "the same tests will do for both." Then turning to me, he asked "have you got any money in your pocket? that will perhaps be the most

efficient test," I pulled out some silver and a bank note; my companion took up a *crown*, and dropping some of the mixture on it, it seemed at first to adhere closely to it, but we soon perceived that the adhesion merely arose from a tendency to *blacken* it. On applying it to the *paper*, it tried at first to give it a *new colour*, but that soon passed off; the paper resumed its natural colour; the mixture on being corked up, looked rather *ropy*; and the operator said he would reserve it for a *finishing* experiment at some future day. Curiosity now induced me to ask the stranger his name; but judge of my surprize when I found it was your old friend

CROP THE CONJUROR.



HINTS TO CONVICTS,

Which may also be useful to his Majesty's Attorney General.

GENTLEMEN convicts—ye who have had or may have the misfortune to be found guilty of libelling, attend to my discourse; my advice shall not be founded upon *theoretical* speculation, but, as a great writer expresses himself, "upon *practical result*."—The old adage that "punishment deferred falls the heavier," may, perhaps, be too true; but if you can defer punishment till certain events prevent its falling at all, the adage, you know, will not in any way apply; therefore where there is the most distant probability of such events occurring, the following line of conduct should be *religiously* pursued.---It is not customary to call you up for judgment till the next term after you have been convicted, you may therefore in the intermediate time pay a visit to *Ireland*, and take the chance of wind and weather prevent.

ing your return in time to protect the recognizances of your bail from being estreated; but if unfortunately the elements should prove maliciously tranquil, you must the night before the day appointed for your appearance in court to receive sentence, take of *brandy, rum or gin*, a sufficient quantity to produce *intoxication* and consequent *fever*; early in the morning, while the *nausea* still exists, and your pulse beats quickly, send for an *Irish surgeon*: if he is your particular friend, and not *very particular* in other respects, he will make few enquiries, and may easily be persuaded to believe you most dangerously *indisposed**; let him while of this opinion make an affidavit that your appearance in court would endanger your life: let this affidavit be given to your counsel, and the Attorney General when he hears it read will consent to have judgment respited till the following term.

It will be necessary to have a *scout* in court, lest any of the judges should propose sending some person to your lodgings to ascertain the *real* state of the case; as a timely warning will enable you to put on your night-cap, jump into bed, and prepare yourself in all respects for acting the part of a sick man, previous to the visit of any such unwelcome intruder.---When the farce is over you may enjoy a hearty laugh with your friends at having "bamboozled his Majesty's Attorney General, and the bench of big wigs."

* Query.—To receive sentence?

SIMONY.

“O such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words.”

HAMLET.

Of all the various modes practised by human beings to evince their utter contempt of divine authority, to madly brave the vengeance of an offended Deity, pre-eminence must be allotted to the act of MAN, *calling upon his Maker to be witness to a LIE*. Perjury, or false swearing, for the law gravely makes a distinction, has in all ages, in all climes, and under all circumstances, by men not utterly bereft of morality, been held in shivering abhorrence : but of the different shades in that diabolism, simony claims the deepest tint, the true pandemonian lustre, inasmuch as the perpetrators *seem* to stand detached from corrupt corporality, have taken upon them the character of *advocates at the bar of heaven*, of guides who appear to “*point to brighter realms and lead the way.*”

SIMONY takes its appellation from the analogy it bears to the crime of *Simon Magus*, mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, who offered money for the power of conferring the Holy Ghost upon whomsoever he should lay his hands; in order that he and his associates might perform miracles after the manner of Peter and Paul. Oh Simon, Simon! thou, no doubt, had an eye to cent. per cent. in this bargain, unquestionably thou hadst an itching to convert thy proselytism into a *profitable trade*. His impudence, however, as there recorded, met its instant

reward, and it might very reasonably be supposed the censure hurled at him would have operated with sufficient force to have deterred succeeding generations from an attempt at repetition.

SIMONY, in its modern acceptation, is thus featured: if any person or persons, bodies politic or corporate, shall, for any sum of money, reward, gift, benefit or profit, directly or indirectly, or for or by reason of any promise, agreement, grant, bond, covenant or other assurance, of or for any sum of money, reward, gift, profit or benefit whatever, directly or indirectly, present or collate any person to any benefice, dignity, or living ecclesiastical, or give or bestow the same, for or in respect of any such corrupt cause and consideration, every such presentation, collation, gift, &c. and every admission, institution, investiture, and induction thereupon, shall be utterly void, frustrate and of none effect; and any person giving or taking reward, shall forfeit double the true value of one year's profit, and the clerk shall be disabled to accept the same benefice.

Notwithstanding the above-enumerated transactions have been declared, by the legislature, to be unlawful contracts, yet, by the salvos of *general or conditional or absolute or indefinite bonds of resignation*, the difficulty, as to the terrestrial part thereof is usually overcome on the part of the *seller*. Let us now see what says the *purchaser* on his behalf. Every beneficed clerk before institution is obliged to make the following oath: the same to be taken by every one to whom it concerneth in his own person and not by a proctor. "I, —, do swear, that I have made no simoniacal payment, contract or promise, directly or indirectly, by myself, or by any other to my knowledge, or with my consent, to any person or persons whatsoever, for or concerning the procuring and obtaining of this ecclesiastical dignity, place, preferment, office or living of

——, nor will at any time hereafter, perform or satisfy any such kind of payment, contract or promise, made by any other without my knowledge or consent; *So help me God through Jesus Christ.*" Reader, christian reader, pause! This oath must have all the consideration it is so highly entitled unto.

Although the most plain and direct *simony* is when the church is become void, and the *void turn*, or the procuring of it, is contracted for; yet there may be many other kinds of unlawful contracts within the statute, while the church is *full* of an incumbent: As, if the next presentation is granted upon a bond given to pay such sum or money to the grantor, *when the church shall become void*. If money is given to one, on condition that he *procures* a particular person to be presented, when the church shall become void, and that person is presented. If the next presentation be purchased or granted, with condition to present a particular person by *name*. If one promise to a clerk, that, in consideration he will marry his daughter he will present him to a particular living when void, or to the next living, or to the next good living, that shall fall void, in his gift, and he doth present him, that is a *simoniacal* contract. If a purchase is made of the next avoidance, when the incumbent is sick, and like to die; and yet, how often do we see advertisements in the public prints of *the next presentation to the valuable living of ——, the present incumbent such an advanced age, and in a very infirm state !!!*

Imagine to yourself any man who is a candidate for admission into *holy orders*, after having undergone the usual course of examination as to his fitness, &c. standing and in the face of a congregation proclaiming that he acknowledgeth all and each of the thirty-nine articles of religion to be agreeable to the word of God, and that he willingly and

from his soul subscribes to these articles, and to all things that are contained in them ; that is, he believes, among many other truths therein advanced, in *one God*, the maker and creator of all things visible and invisible—he believes in *Jesus Christ* as the mediator between God and man ; he believes that only in the name of Jesus Christ can man be saved from *eternal damnation*, and he believes that a *Christian man's oath* should be according to *justice, judgment and truth* ; this paves the way for his entrance into the ministry, and we will, in charity, take it for granted that he actually does *then* believe all these things. In process of time, if an advertisement of this foregoing stamp should catch the glance of any man of this description, and the situation appearing delectable he applies as *directed*—and bargains as *per precedent* ; Figure to your mind's eye this man laying his hand upon the book containing the writings of the Holy Evangelists, that book, in which is written according to his subscription, his title to or rejection from everlasting happiness, and saying aloud, “ I swear, that is, I call God the almighty creator of all things to witness, that I have not made any payment whatsoever, or promise of payment whatsoever by myself or any other person for this living, nor will hereafter, by any means whatsoever, pay or satisfy any thing that has been done by any other person on my behalf for the same. And, that as what I now have solemnly called upon God to witness be true or false ; so may the same Almighty God assist or renounce me in all my undertakings, through Jesus Christ, by whom alone man can be saved !” If that man has, *in any shape whatsoever*, given or promised a valuable consideration, I say *in any possibly conceiveable manner*, for that living, to what an astonishing pitch must his audacity soar to enable him to address his Maker with mental reservation, with logical equivocation,

or determined absolutely blasphemous falsehood? Surely, surely, there cannot be a God of such description, that the laity must tremble at, but priests play with! Bonds of resignation and such like convenient *et ceteras* may perhaps do *here*;

“ But 'tis not so above :

“ *There is no shuffling, there the action lies*

“ *In his true nature, we ourselves compell'd*

“ *E'en to the teeth and forehead of our faults,*

“ *To give in evidence.*”

No countenance of *his grace*—no interference of *my lord*—no *suaviter in modo*—no *wriggling or fawning*—no *brow-beating magisterial insolence* will here avail!—the question will not be, who are you? but, what have you done?

In the spring-tide of life—in full possession of mental and corporeal faculties—while every hour is pleasure and every season fruition; perhaps a thought of the probable consequences of this flagrant violation of religion and morality may not obtrude itself; or, if a momentary thrill appalls, “ care, I give thee to the winds” is the motto; but, when the hoar of age steals on the palsied crown, when the relaxed nerve betrays its trust, when every stimulus to action is repelled, and the productions of ransacked earth and sea and air fall rapid on the gust: when stretched upon a death-bed—there's the trial. Although apparently bereft of sense, although the hands refuse to hold, the tongue to utter; yet, mark the half glazed eye as upward thrown in speaking agony: who shall presume to say what, at that awful moment, is passing in the soul? those strong convulsions---those acute contortions---may not be *merely animal resistance to assaulting pain*. Who knows, but, at that juncture, spectres of past offences flit before and goad the closing eye? that every seeming torpid sense is wrung with sightless torture?

That day will come, that hour is fast approaching. While yet the sand is trickling, ere the last grain shall tremble on the verge, fly to thy closet, thou who hast rashly dared to brave thy God. There doff the supercilious scowl—the high-erected crest—the haughty bloat of insolence, and bow the stubborn knee! What cannot real penitence effect? But let the *altered manners* proclaim the *altered man*; unaffected piety towards God and universal benevolence to thy fellow creatures: those, if cheerfully disbursed, the world will not fail to bring to an honourable account. Much has been spoken, numberless tracts have been written on the subject of REFORMATION, but as the first step, let this simple experiment be essayed; only confine CLERKS to *clerical concerns*, and all the *reformation necessary* will follow in consequence.

FLAGELLATOR.

THE HOAX.

Epistle from Solomon Sappy, Esquire, in London, to his brother Simon at Liverpool.

“ Here, John, bring my pen, for my whimsical Muse
Invites me to send brother SIMON the news!”

These were, my dear brother, the first words I uttered,
Having swallowed my tea and three muffins well buttered,

John did as I bade him, then bowing retired;
(John's as civil a footman as ever was hired.)

And now I'll endeavour to tell you, in rhyme,

A joke which the *kiddies* call “ *bang up and prime.*”

A stiff-starch'd, precise, economical dame,
 Who in Berner's-street lives, *Mistress Tottenham* by
 name,
 Had offended, it seems, some mirth-loving folks,
 Who resolved to be amply revenged by a *hoar*,
 Invitations and orders were sent in her name,
 (In truth, I must own, 'twas a scandalous shame)
 To milliners, wine-merchants, lawyers, musicians,
 Oculists, coal-merchants, barbers, opticians,
 Men of fashion, men cooks, surgeons, sweeps, under-
 takers,
 Confectioners, fishmongers, innkeepers, bakers,
 Men-midwives—the man who exhibits a bear,
 And, O worse than all! to his *lordship the mayor*.
 All were earnestly begged to be at her door
 Precisely at *two*, or a little before,
 The surgeons first, arm'd with catheters, arrive,
 And impatiently ask is the patient alive.
 The man servant stares—now ten midwives appear,
 “Pray, sir, does the lady in labor live here?”
 “Here's a shell,” cries a man, “for the lady that's dead,
 “My master's behind with the coffin of lead.”
 Next a waggon, with furniture loaded approaches,
 Then a hearse all be-plumed and six mourning coaches,
 Six baskets of groceries—sugars, teas, figs;
 Ten drays full of beer—twenty boxes of wigs.
 Fifty hampers of wine, twenty dozen French rolls,
 Fifteen huge waggon loads of best Newcastle coals—
 But the best of the joke was to see the fine coach
 Of his worship the mayor, all bedizen'd, approach;
 As it pass'd up the street the mob shouted aloud,
 His lordship was pleased and most affably bow'd,
 Supposing, poor man, he was *cheered* by the crowd;
 Still he could not imagine the cause of the roar
 When his gold-bedeck'd footmen knock'd fierce at the
 door;

At length he found out he was duped by a *hoax*,
 And his lordship, it seems, is no friend to such jokes,
 For he lustily swore "he'd to punishment bring
 The rogues who had thus broke the peace of the king,"
 In sooth 'twas a shame (notwithstanding 'twas witty)
 To make such a fool of *the lord of the city*,
 And exactly the converse of that civic rule,
 Which frequently makes a lord mayor of a fool.
 Away drove his lordship, by thousands attended,
 The people dispersed, and thus the hoax ended,
 Mistress Tottenham, poor lady, tho' frighten'd to fits,
 Slept soundly at night and recover'd her wits.
 My dear brother adieu, may you live long and happy ;
 Your true and affectionate

SOLOMON SAPPY.

ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

WILLIAM LORT MANSEL, D. D.

*Lord Bishop of Bristol, and Master of Trinity College, in
 the University of Cambridge.*

THIS worthy dignitary has established two regulations of late, which bid fair to set his society far above the rest in point of discipline ; yet we much doubt whether he may not thereby have injured, at least for a time, the pecuniary interests both of the college and of its active tutors. The regulations are, *first*, that in future, no undergraduates be admitted as fellow-commoners ; and, *secondly*, that no student be admitted, either as pensioner

or sizar, by certificate merely : all must pass examination at the college. St. John's admissions exceed those of Trinity this year, and Emanuel College overflows with *empty bottles*, in consequence of Dr. Mansel's determination. His lordship seems resolved that it shall never be said of Trinity College, henceforth,

" *Worth* makes the *man*, but *want* of it the *FELLOW*."

LINES

Written on the Walls of Newgate, December, 1810.

Within these walls a reptile ' *Statesman*' dwells,
A worthy tenant of the dary cells,
 Whose bold malignity and daring crimes
 Mark the *licentious freedom* of the times.
 Here are poor debtors too---and rich defaulters,
 Rogues of all sizes, candidates for *halters*,
 A *monster** once was here---a *woman hater*---
 And now these walls immure a " *monstrous traitor*."

GWILLIM LLOYD WARDLE, Esq. M.P.

We have the pleasure to inform the *patriots* of THE BRITISH FORUM, *Newgate*, and *St. Giles's*, that G. L. Wardle, Esq. has quitted his residence in James street, Westminster, and taken up his present abode at "OSWALD'S ROYAL JELLY HOUSE," in Bury-street, St. James's, in a miserable garret ; where he is from morning till night swallowing distilled *calves' feet*, *isinglass*, &c. &c. preparatory to the next parliamentary campaign.

* Renwick Williams.

THE CHARITABLE ALDERMAN.

A Tale.

I.

As Matthew in his splendid coach,
Was dashing thro' a croud,
His coachman pull'd up suddenly—
A woman scream'd aloud.

II.

Matt popping out his head exclaims,
“ Coachy! what's *this here* stop about?”
“ Ive broke,” quoth John, “ a woman's leg,
“ Poor soul how she do hop about!”

III.

At this the charitable cit
His little shoulders shrugs,
And cries “ you knows I hates all hops—
“ I deals in brewer's *drugs* !”

IV

“ Drive home, good John, fast as you can,
“ For if 'tis understood
“ That I am Matt the Alderman,
“ She'll want a leg of WOOD !”

V.

John stares and mumbles “ *charity*,”
Matt's breast had not a nook for it—
But charity begins at home,
So Matt drives home—to look for it!

CYRIL JACKSON, D.D.

Late Dean of Christ Church, Oxford.

No man deserves or enjoys more general veneration among Oxonians, for talents natural and acquired, or for suavity and firmness of disposition, than Cyril Jackson;

who, like Scylla, and some other ancient heroes, has voluntarily quitted honours, authority and emolument, to taste *otium cum dignitate* in a private station. Of the late Dean, however, it was not unfrequently said, that, out of a spirit of graceful condescension, or *for some other reason*, he would delight to overlook the tutors and fellows of the college, and invite young tyros to dinner with him, that he might improve them by his table-talk.

One afternoon, among other gentlemen of promising abilities, the present M. P. for Worcestershire was invited. After the cloth was removed, Dr. Jackson launched out in high encomiums on the study of the Greek language, and delighted himself *rather more* if possible *than his youthful auditors*, by an eloquent and very prolix discussion of various grammatical niceties. He dwelt, with peculiar complacency, on the properties of the various parts of speech; and alluding to the *pre-positions*, observed that many of them might, perhaps, better have been denominated *suffixes*, or *post-positions*; as, for instance, the *pre-position* $\delta\epsilon$ after the substantive.

" 'Twas silence all, and expectation high," when the Hon. W. H. Lyttleton, with an arch and inexpressible vacuity of face, and gravity of address which he can most happily assume, submitted to the dean, that although *suffixes* or *post-positions* might be the properest terms in some cases, yet that in some others still more apposite denominations might possibly be invented.

" Indeed!" says Dr. Jackson, "you amaze me! How, Sir."---"Why, Doctor, I always understood," replies the sly undergraduate, "that grammarians invariably stiled the $\delta\epsilon$ by another term: In * * *IAION* $\delta\epsilon$, I thought it was a *POST-ILLION*" !!!

Dr. Jackson stopped the thunder of his disquisition in mid volley, and *pushed about the bottle*: to the joy of all the chuckling company.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA !

The Question concerning the Depreciation of our Currency stated and examined. By W. Huskisson, Esq. M. P. Fifth Edition. London, printed for John Murray, 32, Fleet-street. 1810. pp. 154.

Few subjects appear to be so little understood as the theory of money transactions. Although Dr. Smith has long since demonstrated that wealth is nothing more than the produce of labour, yet we find the precious metals still supporting their long established claim by the pens and the tongues of numerous advocates. Facts would be irresistible arguments in opposition to the most forcible logic, but it unfortunately happens that in this investigation every fact seems to have worn two liveries, and to have entered into the service of both sides of the question, according to the external appearance it has been made to assume. The fact before us is the high price that gold bears in bullion, or as a commodity: and this fact, which created no terrors in the minds of the practical merchants and money-brokers, who were examined by a select committee of the House of Commons, is by the analysis of some speculative theorists, determined to be the consequence of a depreciation of our currency, and therefore, in a degree at least, a defalcation of our public credit.

Practical men become conversant in truths which they are unable to define, while theoretic writers, when once they have satisfied themselves with two or three definitions, are ready to give demonstrations of every proposition that may occur. But a definition in any science that is not strictly mathematical or physical, requires something more than a bare explication: the mind demands proof as well as assertion; since, if the foundation be erroneously laid, it will be merely idle amusement to follow the ingenuity of the architect in the structure which he designs it to sustain. In the examination which took place before the bullion committee, this want of definition on the one hand, and this want of proof to those explications which were generally received as definitions on the other, occasioned much misapprehension, and produced many false conclusions. What is money? For this question the theorists had numerous explications, which involved terms of a most inexplicable nature. It was a *standard*, a *measure*, now a *commodity*, and now a *representative* of all commodities; it was *gold*, it was *silver*; it was *paper*, and it was *not* paper. The men of practice, on the other hand, knew nothing of money in the theory; they were contented with the mere handling of it, and while it continues current in their dealings, they seem to care very little of what materials it may be composed. On this account the author of the pamphlet before us is not a little angry with them; and because Mr. Chambers, in the course of his examination asserted that he *did not conceive gold to be a fairer standard for Bank of England notes than indigo or broad cloth*, Mr. Huskisson asks his readers the following questions:

“Need I recal to any man’s recollection the obvious, and, as I till lately imagined, undisputed grounds on which the pre-

cious metals have, not in this country only, and by our system of laws, but in all civilized countries, and in all ages of the world, been received, by common consent of mankind, as the fittest *standard for measuring* the value of all other commodities; and employed as the *universal equivalent* for effecting their exchange. That the precious metals are less bulky in proportion to their value, that they are accurately, easily, and almost infinitely divisible; that they are less subject to decay, less likely to fluctuate in their supply, less liable to be counterfeited or adulterated, more homogeneous and uniform in quality, than either *indigo* or *broad cloth* or any other known commodity?"

For our own parts we are not disposed to quarrel with this omnipotent metal, or to deny it any of its attributes; yet, with all these encomiums, what is gold to the poor man, who instantly exchanges it for broad cloth wherewith to clothe himself, or for food, or for firing? Is it of intrinsic value to him? What would become of its intrinsic value if mankind should attach their confidence to a more convenient medium of exchange? As an article of necessity, it is of no value whatsoever, and as an article of luxury in our manufactures, Mr. Huskisson tells us that the consumption of it is very inconsiderable. In what then does its *intrinsic* value consist? we answer, *in opinion*; and in this its intrinsic value differs only from the intrinsic value of circulating paper in the extent of that opinion. We therefore conclude that Mr. Huskisson has stumbled at the very threshold of his statement, since in the definitions with which his disquisition commences, he tells us that "It is of the essence of *money* to possess intrinsic value." Such doctrine might have suited the infancy of commerce, the era of simple barter, when the communication of man with man was circumscribed and transient; but at a period when mercantile transac-

tions extend to all quarters of the earth, and the merchant of India, or of the Brazils, knows how to estimate the confidence due to his correspondent in London or in Philadelphia, we should have expected a more correct notion of the general circulating medium, under whatever name a writer may chuse to describe it.

When the precious metals became known to mankind they were desirable on account of their beauty and their scarcity. They were sought for with avidity by barbaric princes, and used in masses in the decorations of palaces ; they were refined with difficulty, and as their extreme malleability was not yet discovered, their use was not diminished by the arts of gilding and silvering. They were then commodities of intrinsic value to the grandeur of the great, and were given in barter for other commodities, according to the estimation in which they happened to be held by the contracting parties. Gradually, as the arts of traffic became more perfect, the ratio of value between one commodity and another became more determinate ; but as all commodities, except the metals, were more or less of a perishable nature, and were neither sufficiently portable or divisible for all the purposes of exchange, it is no wonder that the ratio of value of every commodity to that of certain portions of the metals, should be more generally adopted than the more direct ratio of any other two commodities between themselves. This then was the origin of coin, and coin in its origin was commodity of intrinsic value. But in the course of time, as commerce enlarged its influence, this value became immersed in the values of those commodities, in the exchange of which it acted as a medium, and few received it for its own sake, but for the sake of those things necessary to their well being, and for which cus-

tom had rendered it transferable. In becoming coin, the metal was even compelled to relinquish its natural properties: in many states it was made criminal to use gold and silver coin as gold and silver, to beat it, to melt it, or to render it serviceable to the wants of luxury or art. Its intrinsic value was remote and uncertain, and it passed among mankind only by the value which the commodities, for which it was perpetually exchanged, communicated to it.

As the perfection of commerce consists in the rapid and continual interchange of commodities, and as the intermediate agency of coin would be tedious, and sometimes impossible in the affairs of distant correspondents, another species of medium originates in their intercourse, and gives a circulation to the value of goods disposed of by either party. This is a short written acknowledgment of debt, for which it promises payment on a certain day. But as the ratio of the goods sold cannot be so easily expressed in the general value of other goods, as by a reference to that medium of exchange which has previously possessed credit by the custom of continual intercourse, it is necessary to state that ratio in an assigned quantity of coin. Was the written acknowledgment of the purchase of broad cloth or indigo to pass only among clothiers or indigo merchants, or was every man aware of the value of broad cloth and indigo in corn or in wine, or in whatever else for which he might have occasion to bargain, it would be sufficient to describe the quantity and the quality of the broad cloth or indigo in the bill that acknowledges the purchase; but as it is desirable to give such a bill an extensive circulation, the denominations of that ratio most known among mankind, and of which the terms have been by custom assignable to any

commodity whatsoever, are borrowed and substituted for the value of the goods purchased. It is manifest that in proportion to the increase of commercial transactions, and to the known integrity and responsibility of those concerned in them, these acknowledgments of debt, or bills of exchange (as they are called) would increase also ; but since no man can be universally known, and as instances of failure or of fraud will likewise occur, and weaken the credit of individuals in the circle of society, it cannot be expected that they will be universally received in payment. The man who parts with any commodity demands an equivalent in return : but it is inconvenient and even generally impossible to suit his inclinations at all times in the direct way of barter, he is therefore contented to take that for his goods which is more readily exchangeable than his goods themselves, and although he does not want to possess coin or paper, yet he knows that there is an *intrinsic credit* in both, which he can at will convert into value in any article that he may desire to be master of. We do not assert that this intrinsic credit is of equal degrees in both the coin and the signature on the paper, but it forms a part of our investigation to inquire if among the improvements of the means of mercantile intercourse to which commerce always has a rapid tendency, some power may not have been discovered by which the intrinsic credit of these two *media* may be not made to approximate, at least, to each other, if not exactly and continually to coincide.

If the paper of all the merchants and traders of a community can be resolvable into the paper of some particular firm of very long established and continued credit, well known to every individual of that community, there can be no difference between the intrinsic credit of such paper

and the intrinsic credit of coin, as far as the influence of such a firm can extend, except in the caprice or in the prejudice of particular persons. It is true that such a firm must be supposed to have real value always at command, to realize at any moment the amount of the credit which it circulates in actual commodities; and since the metals are commodities which are not subject to decay, and when uncoined are liable to the same variation of value which luxury, increased population, and activity of intercourse always create, it seems that gold and silver in bullion are the natural deposits, by the possession of which such a firm may claim the confidence of the public. Should the government of the country at the same time be pledged in any degree in the security of such a firm; either as its debtor for advances on the revenue, or by making it the pecuniary agent between the nation and the public creditor, it appears to us to be entitled to the fullest confidence, and its paper to possess advantages as a ratio of value in commercial transactions which coin, on account of its supposed metallic value, can never completely acquire.

Such a firm as we have here described is the Bank of England at the present period. It is of long established and continued credit; it is both the creditor of government to a considerable amount, and the agent of the nation in its financial concerns with individuals, its paper is therefore taken without reluctance as the ratio of the value of commodities, although Mr. Huskisson would fain convince us that it is depreciated in that value. But how any thing which possesses no intrinsic value can be depreciated in its value we are at a loss to determine, and particularly while we are told that its credit is far from being deteriorated.

“ I would observe,” says Mr. H. “ that no one suspects the Bank of being insolvent, or of having made any advances with-

out very good and ample security ; that no man has imputed the depreciation of their notes to any suspicion that their concerns as a bank are not prosperous, and that their management for themselves is not extremely prudent."

And yet Mr. H. cannot account for the difference of ratio of bullion to commodities, and of coin or paper to the same commodities, in any other way but in ascribing a depreciation of value, which is in other words a depreciation of intrinsic credit to these very notes. At page 27, he had previously stated,

" If the circulation of a country were supplied, partly by gold and partly by paper, and the amount of that circulation were doubled by an augmentation of that paper, the effect upon prices at home would be the same as in the former case (*prices would rise*). But gold not becoming by this augmentation more abundant in such a country, than in other parts of the world, as a *commodity*, its relative value to other commodities would remain unaltered ; as a *commodity* also, its price would rise in the same proportion as that of other *commodities*, although, in the state of *coin*, of which the *denomination* is fixed by the law, it would only pass current according to that *denomination*."

And yet after having penned such a paragraph as this, Mr. H. could continue, through 127 pages more, his endeavours to prove, not that gold " as a *commodity*" had retained its relative value to other commodities, but that coin under the "*denomination*" fixed by law had become depreciated along with the paper by which that *denomination* had been borrowed. It is perhaps of little consequence what denomination may distinguish the portions of credit circulated as currency by the Bank ; there seems, however, to have existed an unsurmountable necessity that they should be assimilated as closely as possible with

the circulating medium by which the ratios of value had been immemorially estimated. We are of opinion that to have made them responsible for a certain weight in gold of a given fineness in bullion, would have given them a middle rank, between gold in coin and gold as a commodity, of considerable advantage to the currency in general. But neither that, nor any other measure that might have been devised would have kept the rise of currency, which possesses nothing more than *intrinsic credit*, upon an equality with the rise of commodities which possess *intrinsic value*. Dr. Smith had long since proved that the whole quantity of circulating medium can never exceed the ratio between the demand and the supply, and the doctrine by which Mr. H. Thornton in his "inquiry" endeavours to controvert the arguments of the Doctor amount to no more than this, that paper, by facilitating communication, encreases both the wants and the supplies of a nation, and therefore finds means to enlarge itself. No supposititious paper can be thrust into circulation until it has found a value in a commodity somewhere, for which it becomes the representative credit: and it is idle to assert that any commodity can have two representative credits in circulation at the same time. Accommodation bills in which the words "*value received*" are false with respect to the intercourse between the drawer and acceptor, yet if they are taken in value for goods they instantly become the real representatives of the credit of that value, although that representation is obtained by fraud: it is the same if they should be discounted at the bank, and it is therefore a matter of national concern, and not merely a *prudential management for themselves*, that the directors are extremely cautious concerning their discounts.

But as Mr. Huskisson admits that no depreciation in consequence of diminished credit has taken place, and it

is manifest that a depreciation in consequence of a regular over-issue is impossible, there remains but one point on which those who still believe that our currency is nevertheless depreciated, can hang a single argument. This is the supposition that the paper of the bank has no longer any *intrinsic credit*, but that a *fictitious intrinsic value* is endeavoured to be forced into it by the authority of the executive power, to whose necessities it is always subservient. To destroy such a supposition it would be sufficient to adduce the above-cited admission of Mr. Huskisson; and when we find him again, in his ardour to defend the transactions between the government and the bank from the incorrect statements of Mr. Randal Jackson, declaring, that "nothing in fact has ever passed between government and the bank which can have the effect of preventing the legislature from fixing the period for the resumption of cash payments, without reference to any other consideration than the interest and the safety of the country," we are at a loss to conceive how a man of his talents and understanding can have suffered himself to have been convinced by the mere external appearance of certain facts, which a little just reasoning easily divests of their alarming complexion, and demonstrates to be the necessary consequences of active intercourse and extensive prosperity. We have already far exceeded our usual limits for the review of any work, but the occasion requires that an explicit statement of the grounds on which any reasoning on this subject can be raised, should be set forth. There are many other points in Mr. H.'s pamphlet which depend upon facts of a specious nature, but which we could easily resolve into the necessary state of commercial negotiations. To those who will reason clearly we have said enough, and we hope that we have made others fully aware of the misapprehension of existing circumstances, and thereby of

the erroneous consequences deduced both from them and from his false definitions of money, which reigns throughout the work that Mr. H. has laid before the public.

A Treatise on the Defence of Portugal, with a military Map of the Country ; to which is added a Sketch of the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants, and principal Events of the Campaigns under Lord Wellington, 1808 and 1809. By William Granville Elliot, Captain in the Royal Regiment of Artillery. Published by Egerton, Military Library, Whitehall, 1810. pp. 244.

PERHAPS more ink and paper have been wasted on the subject of Portugal and the conduct of the British general who is entrusted with the defence of that kingdom, than would have satisfied the inordinate appetite of Earl Temple, even if his lordship had a dozen times been ejected from official situations, and had on every such occasion been as prudent in providing for future emergencies as when, to the mortification of all the Grenvilles, he was obliged to resign the office of joint paymaster of the forces.

Every pamphleteer and every newspaper editor who could obtain a map of the country appears to have mistaken his pen for a sword, and to have fancied himself as great a tactician as the most experienced of Buonaparte's generals.—Day after day, week after week, and month after month have we been doomed to witness the marches and counter marches, the attacks and defences of these typographic generals. Here they would "had they been in Lord Wellington's place," have crossed a river, there they would have seized a pass, here they would have taken the enemy in the rear ; there they would have fallen upon his flanks ; in short, they would have done any thing and

every thing which his lordship (not having either their sagacity or local knowledge) thought it adviseable to leave undone. Nor have these intuitive warriors (*in their own opinion*) been more expert in discovering the proper means of annoying the enemy than in detecting all his plans and secret *motives*. Thus when Massena with one half of his army attacked the heights of Busaco, he merely intended to sacrifice a few thousand of his troops that the other half of his army might, *twenty-four hours* afterwards, make the movement upon Lord Wellington's left, which forced him to retreat, *at his leisure*, towards the fortified positions at Torres Vedras. Every thing was now very bad indeed ! Lord Wellington's fortified positions extended nearly thirty miles, and how was it possible for him to defend every part of them against a French army of 70,000 men, who could attack him with all their collective force at any point they chose? Well, after waiting before these lines without *choosing* any point of attack, the enemy falls back, notwithstanding (as we were assured) General Drouet with a reinforcement of 20,000 men had joined him, and thus proved that all Lord Wellington said about his communications being cut off to be false; this somewhat embarrasses our typographic generals. Some of them maintain that it is only a *ruse de guerre* to draw their adversaries from their strong position, and lament most sorely that the British general should have become the *dupe* of "such a palpable artifice,"—others blame his lordship for not having foreseen this retreat of his *triumphant* and *pursuing* foe, *they* (the typographic leaders) would (by *hocus pocus* we suppose) have had a strong corps on the left bank of the *Zazere*, and have thus prevented Massena from effecting his retreat that way, which *they* had all along discovered to be practicable. These are very clever fellows, but we should be glad to know if, as they contended, Lord

Wellington's troops were already too few to defend his extended lines, how he could conveniently spare "a strong corps to guard the left bank of the Zezere?"

It now appears that these wise men are as liable to be mistaken as regular bred soldiers, for from the Gazette of last night (December 25th,) we learn that Lord Wellington has *not* been the dupe of Massena's *ruse de guerre*, and, what is more astonishing that the *hic et ubique* General Drouet had not, even so late as the 8th instant, joined the French army, but was, when last heard of, still astonishing the Spanish ladies with "his gold laced coat and hat of unrivalled splendor!" What the typographic generals will say after this, and what *movements* they will make, we are at a loss to imagine, but we dare say that "the officer of rank" who has favoured us with so many melancholy *authenticities*, through the medium of the *Morning Chronicle*, is at this moment busily employed at the office of that newspaper in fabricating a most deplorable account of impending disasters.*

Let us now turn from the speculative nonsense of ignorant pretenders to examine the work of Captain Granville Elliot, a man who evidently possesses the requisites of local knowledge, professional experience and natural talents---we have to thank him for one of the most perspicuous, intelligible, and sensible military surveys of Portugal that we have ever read. The picture which he draws is most cheering, and bears self-evident marks of correctness.

His treatise only requires to be generally read to dispel that gloom and despondency which the false representations of the ignorant and the mischievous are calculated to excite. His descriptions of the roads, fortifications, rivers and passes of Portugal are comprehensive and clear, and

* We hope he and his fellow labourers in the same patriotic cause may receive that reward which is due to their industrious efforts.

several officers who have served in the light division of Lord Wellington's army during all his campaigns, have assured us that they are perfectly correct. His observations are sensible and manly, and wholly untinged with party rancor or political partiality, and his style is perspicuous, forcible, and unaffected. The following account of the country about Abrantes and Santarem, which was written long before the contending hostile armies had reached the positions in their vicinity of those towns, must at this moment be extremely interesting, we therefore shall not apologize for the length of the extract.

“ Abrantes is a large and populous town, and as general Dumouriez very justly remarks, is the key of the Tagus; it is situated on an eminence, is in part surrounded with old walls, the road to it is difficult of ascent, and the town might be fortified in such a manner as to render it one of the strongest posts in the country.* It is protected on the right by the Tagus, in front and on the left by a very strong and mountainous country, and at the distance of about two leagues in the rear runs the river Zezere†. A bridge of boats has been established across each of these rivers, but in the rainy season it is sometimes necessary to remove them, as they are in danger of being carried away by the rapidity of the current. There is a road on the left bank of the Tagus, by which a part of the armies of Sir J. Moore and Lord Wellington advanced into Spain. After crossing at Abrantes, they re-crossed by a bridge of boats at Villa Velha, an important pass on the right bank. This line of march was adopted in order to avoid the strong and difficult country in front of Abrantes. It would be of little consequence should

* An officer who was lately at Abrantes informs us that since this was written the fortifications have been repaired and strengthened under the direction of a very able English officer.

† The reader will observe, that the situation of the country is here considered as being approached from the eastward.

an enemy advance by the same route, as he must necessarily recross the Tagus, either above or below the town to attack it. The country through which the road lies is flat and barren, affording neither cantonments for the troops, provisions nor forage. At Abrantes a considerable magazine of provisions, stores, and ammunition has been collected, which may be removed to Lisbon by water, or augmented by that means if found necessary. To Punhete, a small town on the Zezere, the distance is two leagues; from thence to Golegao three leagues farther. The road is for the most part stony and rocky, particularly between Abrantes and Punhete. From Golegao to Santarem is four leagues; between the former and Pont do Aveila, on the small river of that name which crosses the road, there is an extensive plain intersected by a small rivulet. This is the first spot of ground, after leaving Almeida, where a considerable body of cavalry can be employed to advantage. The Aveila has a stone bridge over it, is deep and commanded by heights in the rear. Immediately behind the heights of Santarem is another rivulet and bridge. The town of Santarem stands in an elevated situation near the banks of the Tagus, and contains eleven convents; the road from hence to Azambuja, distant four and a half leagues, is mostly hilly and sandy. One league, or rather less, after quitting Santarem, there is an extensive position, and a small river and stone bridge over it, in front. Although this river is fordable, it might in some degree be rendered an obstacle to an enemy in the attack of the position. In the rear is a plain, on which a small body of cavalry might act for the purpose of covering a retreat. A short distance before Azambuja, a stand may again be made by light troops on some heights covered with brushwood." p. 73.

Let the revilers of Lord Wellington, and the ridiculers of those who still hope that the war on the Peninsula will have a glorious termination, read the following opinion, which has not been expressed by an ignorant *smock-faced* general, such as we have heard utter the most insolent

and disgusting ribaldry in the house of commons, but by an experienced and sensible officer.

"Nothing under 150,000 men," says Captain Elliott, "I am persuaded will be able completely to subdue Portugal: even with such a force, the contest may be doubtful, and should fortune in the first instance favor the allied army, so large a force would be obliged to evacuate the country for want of provisions and forage for their cavalry. The only danger to be apprehended is, that should Spain be completely subdued, an attack would be made on all points at the same time. This, I trust, is very far distant, no force the French can bring into the field in one body will, I am persuaded, be able to defeat the combined army under Lord Wellington, amply supplied with provisions, and in possession of the passes of the country. Of this we had sufficient proof in the battles of Vimeira and Talavera; in the former not more than one half of our troops were engaged, and in the latter we were opposed by more than double our numbers. To include the Spanish army, who, with the exception of general Bassecourt's division and some few pieces of artillery, remained spectators of the action (the cause of it is not for me to determine,) would not be doing justice to the bravery of the British troops, or the talents of the general who commanded them. Whatever some of our sage politicians and parliamentary generals, who march a French army across the peninsula as easily as the city volunteers march to Blackheath, may say to the contrary, it would be a difficult matter to select an officer better qualified for the task he has undertaken, or more completely enjoying the confidence of his own troops and the Portuguese nation in general than Lord Wellington; and it is no small gratification as well as triumph to a military man, to have it said of him, that he has never been beaten, although sometimes opposed to double his numbers. *Nil desperandum, Teucro duce, et duspice Teucro.*' r. 91.

Captain Elliot's account of the victory of Talavera is

by far the most satisfactory we have witnessed, and it is impossible for any man who reads it to doubt for one moment, the wisdom of the man, by whom it was planned and achieved; or the policy of the measure.—With such a country as Portugal to defend, and with such a general as Lord Wellington to conduct its defence, what have we to fear? Nothing, but the return to office of those miserable politicians who have declared that “England had elevated herself too high in the scale of European nations, and ought to be degraded;” who disgusted our allies and temporized with our enemies; who abandoned Russia, and would abandon Portugal.

The Times, an Ode, at the Commencement of the Year 1809.

By Joseph Blacket.

LEST our readers should wonder why we notice this elegant trifle we will candidly confess the truth: Be it therefore known, that we have for once consented to make the *Satirist* the channel of a legitimate puff. Alas! “The critic’s ivy and the poet’s bays,” can now only adorn the tomb of poor Joseph Blacket!

As his memoirs and posthumous works are about to be published by his friend and patron, Mr. Pratt, we shall only say that of talents, modesty, virtue, and sorrows he possessed more than usually fall to the lot of so young a man—Like Bloomfield he was bred a shoemaker: at the age of fifteen he became enamoured of the Muses, and three years afterwards of an amiable young woman whom he married, and whom ere, he had attained the age of twenty, he followed to her grave. The shock was more than his delicate constitution could endure, and in a short time after this melancholy event he died of a broken heart, leaving behind him an infant orphan for whose benefit his works are about to be published. We

have selected '*The Times*,' as a specimen from which our charitable readers may perceive that the publication of Joseph Blacket's poems will enable them at once to purchase entertainment and to succour the fatherless.

THE TIMES.

"ERE ORDER's bright and beauteous face
 Illum'd the bosom of the drear profound,
 Throughout the vast vacuity of space,
 CONFUSION reign'd, and HORROR grimly frowned ;
 But when CREATION's FATHER spoke,
 Old CHAOS saw, with wild affright,
 The gloom subdued of tenfold night,
 As through the murky darkness broke
 The orient beam of vivifying LIGHT.

I.

To warm the desolated waste,
 And cheer the drooping swain,
 To speed the rigid season on its way,
 And raise the buried grain ;
 From Nature's frowning face
 The powers of Frost to chace,
 Bid ev'ning sip,
 With eager lip,
 The exhalations of the rosy day,
 Full in the front of Heav'n, the radiant Orb was plac'd.

II.

Revolving round his sphere,
 Each beam o'erspread,
 With glowing red,
 He rises from his wat'ry bed,
 And ushers in another year.
 Yet, still upon the frozen plains,
 As yet in vain he tries,
 To burst stern Winter's icy chains,
 And gild the clouded skies :

As yet his ineffectual ray
Fights with the chilling blasts, which bind
The groaning earth; and faint he works his way,
Through ether's shade opaque, again to bless MANKIND.

III.

But yet, though pale and dim his beam,
And weak its influence prove,
Alas! how many dread the gleam
He sheds upon them from above;
That gleam, which, to their aching sight,
Displays the sad disastrous fight,
Where groaning Death, dark-brow'd Despair,
And madd'ning Fury, rend the air;
Displays throughout the wounded fields,
Where Havoc stalks, and wild Dismay,
With all grim War's horrific train,
The produce which the sickle yields
To Rapine's felon arm a prey,
Shews where the lordly city stood,
Whole hecatombs of human blood,
And ghastly Famine stalking o'er the fated plain.

IV.

Happy! happy! happy! those,
Who, on fair FREEDOM's sea-girt shore,
From agonizing terrors free,
At distance from their hostile foes,
And the dire battle's deafning roar,
Can, from the glittering casements, view
The rising ray, which drinks the morning dew,
And gilds her mountain tops of LIBERTY.
But, oh! how doubly wretched they,
Who, sooner than by glorious strife,
Defend the sacred gift of life,
Will own an upstart despot's sway,

And welcome, on their wasted plains,
The rising ray, which BLUSHES ON THEIR CHAINS.

V.

Not so IBERIA'S warlike sons,
Who dare a tyrant's arms defy,
Each manly breast at danger spurns,
For vengeance thirsts—for glory burns—
As through the ranks, like lightning, runs
The word—TO FIGHT, TO CONQUER, FALL, OR DIE!
Yes ; Freedom's banners, now unfurl'd,
Awake to life a slumbering world,
While BRITAIN'S arm is stretch'd to save,
Her rights from an untimely grave,
And check Ambition's mad career,
Whose giant prowess in the fight
Has boasted long superior might,
And fill'd the air with groans—the earth with many a tear.

VI.

See SWEDEN, too—magnanimously brave,
Contending 'gainst unequal arms,
Her priv'lege and rights to save :
While 'midst the din of dire alarms
Her Prince his gallant soldiers cheers ;
A Prince disdaining servile fears,
Bids them again, on FINLAND'S plains,
Where the gaunt wolf at midnight prowls,
Where Desolation cheerless reigns,
And freezing Boreas loudly howls,
Commence, once more, the just campaign,
And teach misguided RUSSIA'S lord,
That myriads arm'd oppose in vain,
When powerful Justice wields her flaming sword.

VII.

Oh ! ALBION's sons—ye generous few,*
Supporters of the sacred cause,
Your noble acts with zeal pursue,
Assist them to defend their laws :
Remember, 'tis at Honour's call
The spear is pointed at the breast,
Demanding, on insulting GAUL,
Revenge for crimes yet unredress'd.
To aid her heroes, then with pride
Your timely succours send,
And heal the wounds which, gaping wide,
Increase the anguish of a friend.
So shall renown, around your brows,
The greenest laurels twine ;
Nor honest gratitude refuse
The meed which Heaven has stamp'd divine !
While distant ages pleas'd shall raise
The swelling anthem of unbounded praise,
And, O ! till time expire, recorded be,
The genuine offspring of HUMANITY.

VIII.

Hark ! how heavenly Sympathy,
From her tear-gem'd throne on high,
Implores the tribute of relief ;
On England's favour'd shore she casts
A look of expectation proud ;
While HOPE, to sooth a nation's grief,
On rapid pinion hastes,
And to each Patriot call aloud,

* The Subscribers to the Patriotic Fund for the relief and assistance of the brave Spaniards.

" With zeal your sanguine foes withstand,
 " For, lo! assistance is at hand."
 Nobles, merchants, freemen—brave,
 Ye favour'd, of a favour'd isle,
 To acts awake, which Heav'n surveys
 With Approbation's brightest smile ;
 Concordant all, unite and send
 Relief to those who dare their rights defend.
 'Tis yours the drooping fire to raise,
 To rouse to energy the fettered slave,
 And bid the smouldering embers of the NATIONS blaze.

IX.

And you brave warriors,—flowers of war ;
 Whose matchless deeds, in realms afar,
 Prove your superior power ;
 Deeds, which conspicuous were display'd,
 When EGYPT's sands were strew'd with slain,
 And MAIDA's blood-stained reeking plain,
 Affrighted mark'd the sad eventful hour,
 In which, with dread,
 The region fled,
 Whose vaunted actions had the world dismay'd.
 A steady, loyal, gallant band,
 With Patriot valour, hand-in-hand,
 And swords in flaming union join'd,
 To battle rush ; the trump of fame
 Calls loudly on each BRITON's name
 To hurl destruction on his foes,
 Chastise Ambition, and—by Heaven design'd,
 Burst EUROPE's galling chains—and bid her Sons repose.

X.

Burn on, fair Son, in splendor bright,
And on HISPANIA's rocky shore,
Attend the Patriots to the fight,
Nor set, till VENGEANCE cries aloud,
"Ambition festers in his gory shroud,
"To tyrannize and subjugate no more."
Yes, yes, blaze on—and through the gallant bands
Diffuse heroic heav'n-directed fire;
Inspire the bosoms of the just and brave
With love of liberty and hallow'd ire,
That with united hearts and hands
They may, from GALLIA's frontless brow,
The laurels tear—lay her proud eagle low,
Then, till the FABRIC OF THE WORLD
Be all in CONFLAGRATION HURL'D,
Alike subdue the TYRANT and abhor the SLAVE.

*General View of the Agriculture of the County of Devon,
with Observations on the Means of its Improvement,
drawn up for the Consideration of the Board of Agri-
culture and internal Improvement. By Charles Van-
couver.*

It too frequently happens that institutions established for the discovery and promulgation of truth become, through the mismanagement and ignorance of those entrusted with their superintendence, the fountains of error and mischief. We took up the book now before us without any intention of making it a subject of criticism, but in the course of our perusal of its contents we discovered such abundance of false and mischievous theory, and

such ignorance of the subjects which the author professes to discuss and examine, that we cannot refrain from exerting our humble endeavours to prevent those ills which are likely to result from this dissemination of error, "by authority of the Board of Agriculture."

The following "*Introduction*" is somewhat curious, for it appears from it, that all Mr. Vancouver's present agricultural experience is derived from his own former writings.

"In prosecuting an inquiry of this nature, it may be proper to observe that the surveyor enters on the examination of the agricultural practice and general interests of the county, with a mind totally unfettered by any opinions or practices prevalent in its rural, commercial, or manufacturing departments. So little indeed has his attention been engaged of late years in the consideration of rural improvements (unless on the great scale of cutting down the woodland, and clearing the forests in Kentucky) and the interests of a community necessarily connected therewith, that on the commencement of the present survey, he found it necessary to re-peruse with considerable attention the two reports he formerly had the honour to prepare under the sanction of the Honourable Board, on the agriculture of Cambridgeshire and Essex, before he entered upon the present enquiries. This recurrence to former labours has tended to disperse the confusion of ideas which pressed upon his mind, in his endeavours to retrace impressions which once interested, although, from lapse of time and other engagements, became in a manner disregarded. Again, however, within the sphere of his former pursuits and inclinations, he reverts with pleasure to the contemplation of objects so genial to him; and fully impressed with the importance of the subject, he enters upon the following detail, subjoining such observations as result from long experience, to the considerations of the Honourable Board,

Delightful task, to rear the wholesome plant,
To teach the infant tendril how to climb ;
To spread the enriching compost o'er the soil ;
To till with temperate zeal the teeming mould,
And fix in nature's lap, with gen'rous care,
Abundant crops for ages yet to come."

This *elegant* parody of Thomson's lines proves, what is very important in an agricultural survey, that Mr. Vancouver is (or rather would be thought) a *poet*. Had he confined himself to a mere description of the soil, rivers, cattle, sheep, pigs, horses, course of crops, agricultural instruments, &c. his work would have been at least harmless, but he has presumed to interfere with the political and rural economy of the county, in a manner which may prove highly injurious to the nation at large, as tending to discourage the most important improvements. Mr. Vancouver talks largely about his *experience*, and we believe he has travelled much, seen much, and attempted much : but we have no hesitation in declaring that, as far as agriculture is concerned, he has profited little. *We* have never been in the forests of Kentucky, nor in the marshes of Holland, but we still have the presumption to think, however our present avocations may excite a contrary opinion in the minds of others, that our knowledge of rural economy is at least equal to Mr. Vancouver's. Our remarks will not be sanctioned by the authority of the Board of Agriculture, but we shall not only state *opinions* but *facts*, which we defy all the boards in the universe to controvert. Of Mr. Vancouver's ignorance of the nature and *convertability* (if we may be allowed the expression) of those lands which lie between high and low water mark take the following sample (p. 299.)

“ From the attention which the author of this report has had an opportunity of paying to the nature and formation, as well as to the mode of embanking, cultivating, and appropriating salt-marshes in this country, Ireland, Holland and America, no instance has occurred or come within his knowledge, of any improvement being made on a crude, tough, black sea-mud. This substance, when dry, is the most rigid and untractable of all argillaceous compounds; on the contrary, salt-marsh, properly so called, when *ripe* and ready for embaukment is the mildest, most temperate, and permanently fruitful soil of any in the universe, and which before its embaukment is, or *should be raised to nearly if not quite the height of the ordinary flow of the spring tides*. The sea-mud, on the contrary, is covered every twelve hours, with a depth of twelve or fifteen feet of pure (or nearly so) sea water, and when embanked, lies perhaps a little above the line of low water mark. In proportion as all embaukments from the sea have been made between these points of high and low water mark, they have *answered or disappointed* the views of the undertaker. Throughout all the several townships of Marshland in Norfolk, the whole of which at different periods have been rescued from the sea, the earliest embaukments, and those in the interior of the district, are uniformly lower in their general level, and of an inferior quality to the level of country enclosed by a line of embaukments made at a subsequent period. In this manner the latter embaukments continue on still higher plains to the present line of sea-coast, where the last of any importance that has been made, was effected by Captain Bentinck a few years since, by the inclosure of a very large tract, perhaps twelve hundred acres. This lies upon a higher level than the interior enclosure, and soon after its embaukment was esteemed by far the best of all. Throughout all the embanked marshes of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire, a premature enclosure from the sea has never failed to disappoint the expectations from the enterprize. Had the lots below where the new custom house is built in Dublin, been left open to the tide-waters, and (which are there very turbed,

and highly charged with sediment) from the end of the North wall and towards the sheds of Clontaiiff, and the expense of the enclosing mounds and walls been applied in continuing the north wall in a line nearly parallel with the south one, the waters of the Liffy, thus confined in their descent, would have scoured out and preserved a deep channel for their discharge into the bay of Dublin, and perhaps contributed the removal towards deeper water, those bars so justly dreaded and so highly injurious to the shipping and commercial interests of that important city ; at all events, the navigation and access to the port must have been greatly benefited by a work of this nature ; and at this time, or perhaps a few years hence, such a deposition of sediment would have been made by the unrestrained flowing of the tides over what are now the old enclosed lots, as to have rendered them equally rich and fruitful with some of the most favored spots in the neighbourhood of that metropolis. These observations may be considered as rather foreign to a report on the agriculture and internal improvements of the county of Devon ; but the surveyor has been led to the discussion, in order to *illustrate* his idea of the difference between salt-marsh, *ripe*, and *fit* for exclusion from the sea, from that which may be *prematurely enclosed*. and also of embankments made with a view of enclosing portions of *invincibly steril and shear sea mud*. Some embankments of *this latter description* have lately been made, and others are now carrying on, across certain branches of the river Plym, above Catwater. The indisposition of Lord Boringdon, and the absence of his lordship's steward, deprived the surveyor of an opportunity of visiting these works ; but if he concludes correctly, from the distant view he had of them at Saltram, and a more minute inspection of the work now carrying on under his lordship's directions, in cutting off a similar arm from the Kingsbridge river, in the parish of Chalton, these embankments can have no other possible consequence, than in the first instance, stopping the regular ascent of the tides, the return of which, combined with the land waters, contribute so essentially to the keeping open, and the preservation of navigation, in all such

inlets ; and, secondly, the procuring a *mere site* for the incalculable expence of forming a *proper soil of land upon*, can never for a moment weigh in balance with the injury accruing to navigation, and the mortifying *disappointment* that *must inevitably await the well-meant expectations of the noble proprietor.*

How must every man who possesses any knowledge of the effects of embanking laugh at this doctrine of '*ripeness*' and '*un-ripeness.*' We have seen hundreds of acres " which were covered every twelve hours with a depth of twelve or fifteen feet of pure sea water," but which *in less than twelve months* after that water was excluded by an embankment, teemed with the most luxurious crops of turnips, rape, and corn, without the assistance of manure. And notwithstanding Mr. V.'s prophetic opinion to the contrary, it is a notorious fact that the very land of Lord Boringdon's, to which he alluded, is now some of the richest and most productive in the county of Devon ; and that it has been rendered such merely by an embankment, without being covered with *any* extraneous soil. Mr. Vancouver has evidently adopted an old and exploded idea, of the infertility of such lands, which experience has proved erroneous. We recommend him to take a trip to Carnarvonshire, in North Wales where he will see a tract of several *thousand acres*, which is now, twice in every twenty-four hours, covered many feet, and in some places many fathoms, deep " with pure salt water," but which we have no doubt will, in considerably less than two years, exhibit some of the finest crops in the Principality ; its embankment being nearly completed ; the adjoining land, which a few years back was in a similar state, now lets at three guineas per acre, an enormous price when its being situated nearly sixty miles from any great market town is taken into consideration.

We hope and trust therefore that no person, who has the spirit and opportunity to undertake similar improvements, will be discouraged by the silly remarks of Mr. C. Vancouver. We lament that we have neither time nor room to expose other erroneous doctrines of this gentleman; perhaps, when we have more leisure we may resume the subject, which in a national point of view, is unquestionably of the utmost importance.

Remarks on the present State of Public Credit, and the Consequences likely to result from the Decease of Mr. A. Goldsmid and Sir Francis Baring, &c. &c. in a Letter to William Manning, Esq. M. P. &c. By Erinaceus. Johnston, 101, Cheapside, 1810. 2s.

WE are sorry that want of room should hitherto have prevented us from entering into a detailed examination of this admirable pamphlet. Even at this late period, however, we beg leave to recommend it to the attention of our readers as containing a very animated exposition of the conduct of the stock-jobbing, and other *alarmists*. The observations on Cobbett are particularly excellent. He justly observes "that the hope of gain first made him a writer, and induced him to defend the cause of men in power : disappointment urged him to desert that cause, subsequently, and to attack the principles which he had previously espoused ; and it is the prospect of lucre which now impels him to multiply his sources of profit, and to levy new contributions on the public credulity."

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti. HOR.

COVENT-GARDEN.

WE have been favored during the present month with a very striking proof of the sterility of dramatic invention. The very worst play of the worst writer of the age, has been reproduced as an original at "the first theatre of the universe." The original *Gustavus Vasa* was written by Mr. Brooke, the author of the *Fool of Quality*, and the founder of the Darwinian school of poetry. Declamatory grandeur is its characteristic excellence, and want of pathos its principal defect: like *Cato*, or *Irene*, it commands the admiration of the reader, without exciting any other feeling than impatience in the bosom of the spectator. Mr. Dimond in his *Hero of the North* has altered the drama of Mr. Brooke just enough to shew how little he was qualified for the attempt. He has aggravated the pomposity of its diction, and protracted the lingering tedium of its plot. His second attempt has, if we mistake not, been fatal to his dramatic reputation; for notwithstanding the beauty of the scenery, and the exertions of the *dramatis personæ*, it was received without applause and dismissed without reluctance.

The Covent-Garden pantomime is less dull and tedious than such exhibitions usually are. Many of the scenes are beautiful, but the last but one resembles any thing rather than Mount Etna. We do not much admire the idea of boiling a lobster into a volunteer. The jest is too

stupid and common-place even for the galleries. There is no reason why the appearance of probability should not be preserved even in a pantomime, when this can be done without difficulty or expence, and we would suggest therefore that the man who holds the placard at the corner of the Bricklayer's Arms, might as well express some slight emotion of surprize at the approach of Harlequin and the revolution of the gate on a pivot. The best trick is that of a cabbage marching about the stage on turnip legs, and driving off the clown with its arms of carrot. If we be asked to give an explanation of the plot, we must confess that we do not understand it ; but its obscurity seemed to detract nothing, in the opinion of the house from the general merits of the piece, which was announced for repetition with considerable applause.

Mrs. Parker is on the whole an excellent Columbine, but the expression of her countenance is too insipidly sedate. Master Chapman is a very clever little boy—we wish that a little of his spirit could be infused into certain of his seniors.

LYCEUM.

The abilities of Matthews alone have saved the farce of Transformation, or Love and Law, from immediate condemnation. There is not a jest, a trick, or an idea throughout the piece, that is not borrowed from some production of Hook or Colman. The heroine's father, afraid that some lover might attempt during his absence to gain admittance, leaves with his servants a description of the only visitors he expects ; Lady Pepperpod, Jew Malachi, and a country nephew. The daughter overhears his instructions, and communicates them to her lover, who shortly after gains access to his mistress in the disguise of Lady Pepperpod. He has not been long in her presence before the real lady arrives—the servant is confounded, but is

finally persuaded that Matthews is the woman of fashion, and turns out the supposed strumpet. In the same manner he keeps possession in spite of the appearance of the actual Malachi, and the genuine nephew. Great part of the abortive attempts at humour with which the piece abounds, are levelled against personal deformity. We had hoped that the present age was really what it pretended to be, the age of benevolence and refinement; if it is not in the power of our dramatists to be witty, they may at least be inoffensive.

The performance of *X. Y. Z.* has been stopped for the present by an injunction in favor of Mr. Morris, and at this late period of the month we are unable to enter into that detailed examination of Mr. Skeffington's melodrama, which it is reported to deserve; in our next number, therefore, we shall pay our respects to that gentleman in all the formality of criticism.

December 28th, 1810.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS componere lites !—VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?—POPE.

I. Sermons, controversial and practical ; with Reflections and Tracts on interesting Subjects ; by the late Reverend Philip Skelton : republished by the Reverend Samuel Clapham.

“ The first four sermons contained in this volume, are on the important subject of *faith*. We trace in these the hands of a *master*. We do not ever recollect to have seen combined more *correct reasoning* and unaffected piety.—The *Reflections* are of a pious nature that *cannot fail to delight* and to *edify* the serious christian.—The animadversions on a mischievous book of bishop *Hoadley*, entitled a *Plain Account, &c.* form a *most masterly piece of controversial criticism.*”—*Antijacobin Review*.*

“ The writings of Skelton abound in *imperfect and confused* representations of the nature and design of *faith.*”—*Eclectic Review*.

“ In his attack upon *Hoadley*, in reply to that prelate's *Plain Account, &c.* he shews himself *altogether unqualified for scriptural criticism* ; and as *little entitled* to the character of a gentleman, as he is to that of a *fair controversialist.*—The

* More *duplicate criticism* ! The *Antijacobin* reviews this volume *twice* ; in the Number for October 1808, and in that published on the first of November 1810. A publication entitled “ the French Student's Vade Mecum, by the Reverend P. C. Levasseur,” is also reviewed twice by the *Critical Review* in the Number for April 1809, and again in that for June 1810.

Reflections are for the most part *very uninteresting*."—Annual Review.

2. Caledonian Sketches, or a Tour through Scotland in 1807 ; by Sir John Carr.

"The reader will find a *very pleasant* account of the Highlands and the Hebrides, some new and some old anecdotes, some sprightly and some less interesting narratives ; and we should be glad to know, whether this is not quite as much as can honestly be said of most books of the kind."—British Critic.

"We can safely recommend these Caledonian Sketches as a *very agreeable* performance."—Critical Review.

"The *merit* of the volume before us is equal to encounter a few prejudices ; and with whatever sentiments its readers open it, the *impression* with which they close it will be *favourable* to the author."—Monthly Review.

"The knight has given us, as usual, a *good deal* of *information* and *amusement*."—Eclectic Review.

"This Tour through Scotland will be found to contain *much interesting* and *correct information*, and a *considerable portion* of *mental amusement*."—European Magazine.

"We do not think this Scottish tour *at all creditable* to the talents of the author."—Antijacobin Review.

"Our knight's details are *entirely confined* to a *short description* of the *exterior* of the country, a *few trifle* anecdotes of ancient history and manners, and an account of local customs, and laws, *neither* remarkable for *value* nor *accuracy*."—Quarterly Review.

3. Characteristical Views of the Past and of the Present State of the People of Spain and Italy ; by John Andrews, L.L.D.

"We could have wished the author to have digested his thoughts, and methodized his observations, on a country [Spain]

and people, the history of which he seems to have *studied* with some *attention*.—On these several topics we meet with little novelty of remark or illustration ; but we see *nothing objectionable*. Some account is also given of the state of the arts and of *literature* in Spain, during different periods of its history, the characters of its successive kings, and of some of their contemporaries, the sovereigns of England and France, are also drawn in general with *truth* and *justice*.—The remainder of this publication consists of remarks on the former and present political state of Italy ; and is *sufficiently ENTERTAINING*.—On the whole, the work before us, though not novel or profound, may furnish *amusement* for an idle hour ; and the author, if he cannot be classed with philosophers or historians, may hold a *respectable rank* among the book-makers of the present age.”—British Critic.

“ This book promises much and *performs nothing*. *Nothing* can be conceived *more barren* of ENTERTAINMENT and of *information* : it is without beginning, middle, or end ; and yet the want of arrangement cannot be complained of, because it *contains nothing* to be arranged. Whether Dr. Andrews may have seen the countries concerning which he has chosen to write, we cannot say ; but this we can say, that upon their *literature* he has given proofs of *profound ignorance*. Much might be written upon the title-page of this book, shewing how such a text should be handled ; but we have already *wasted* some hours in its perusal, and it is *not worth* a farther sacrifice of time.”—Annual Review.

4. Theological Thoughts, &c.

“ This is a *very useful* and a *very pious* volume, written in PLAIN language, and therefore better *adapted* to the purpose of *general edification*. The fundamental doctrines of christianity are *soberly* insisted on ; the authority of the christian priesthood is *familiarly* and *soundly* explained ; the nature of the sacraments is *properly* expounded, and attention to them is *affectionately urged*.—We have pleasure in *recommending* this

volume as a *sound exposition* of the preceding heads," &c.—*Antijacobin Review*.

"[Extract.] These Theological Thoughts are not always so *replete with nonsense*; but where the author is INTELLIGIBLE, he is generally *dogmatical, uncandid, and more anxious to support a system* than to encourage an impartial examination of the language of scripture."—*Annual Review*.

5. *The Bibliomania*; by John Ferriar, M.D.

"This is an *elegant sketch*."—*British Critic* (Preface).

"This is an *elegant morceau of terse Horatian satire*."—*Beau Monde*.

"Of these 178 verses we think it quite sufficient to say that they are *such as now-a-days are written by every body*."—*Eclectic Review*.

6. *Ronald, a Legendary Tale*; with other Poems.

"In these tales, we have evidently the effusions of a *school-boy, in love*."—*Monthly Review*.

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"We seem to be trifling with our readers, in criticising such *vile nonsense*."—*Beau Monde*.

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"From these materials a story is formed, *full of ingenious contrivance, interesting events*," &c.—*British Critic*.

* "It" so in the original. SAT.

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8. The Nature and Guilt of Schism considered; in eight Sermons preached at the Bampton Lecture, by Thomas Lemesurier, M.A.

"As schisms are daily multiplying among us, we know not that Mr. Lemesurier could have chosen a *subject* of greater *importance* in itself, or more *SUITABLE* to the *purpose* for which the Bampton Lecture was *founded*; and it is with pleasure we add, that he has *completely proved* what he undertook to prove; the guilt of a causeless separation from the church. We have been *much delighted* with this volume."—British Critic.

"We suspect that most of Mr. Lemesurier's readers will *impeach* his *prudence* in reviving with zeal the arguments against schismatics. On his own ground, he has certainly displayed *considerable ability*."—Monthly Review.

"—We have applied to this publication the epithet '*remarkable*,' from the *extreme absurdity* of gravely sitting down to pronounce," &c. "We conceive that in adopting the line of conduct he has in the choice of his *subjects*, the reverend lecturer has *DEVIATED WIDELY* from the *design* of the *founder*; and sure we are that in their discussion he has displayed *extreme imbecility* of judgment and *illiberality* of temper."—

"This volume is as *weak* as it is *uncharitable*, founded upon *an utter misconception* of the terms '*schism*' and '*heresy*' as

they are employed in scripture, and supported by *misinterpretation* of almost every passage produced from the sacred writings, by confident assertion, and by an *arrogant* assumption," &c.—Annual Review, and Introduction.

9. William Tell, or Switzerland Delivered; by the Chevalier de Florian: a posthumous Work.

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"We consider this posthumous production of Florian as *excelling all* his other writings."—Universal Magazine.

10. An Account of the Life and Writings of Hugh Blair, D.D.; by the late John Hill, L.L.D.

§. "We are particularly grateful for the comparative shortness of this production. To have gone over the customary extent of seven or eight hundred pages, if filled with such needless abridgments of books, and with eulogy *so dry* and so glaring, would have been a pilgrimage," &c.—Eclectic Review.

"The biographical part of this work is *sufficiently interesting*."—Annual Review.

"The pages of this biographical memoir are enlivened by an *uncommonly small* portion of characteristic anecdotes or *interesting events*."—British Critic.

§. "The learned writer proceeds to examine critically some of Dr. Blair's discourses, and to contrast them with those of the celebrated French preachers upon similar topics. This part of the work will be read with *much interest* by all who cultivate or admire the eloquence of the pulpit."—Critical Review.

"Several of the most noted of the sermons are individually dissected, in a *tedious* manner, and compared with several of the sermons on the same subjects, in the volumes of some of the celebrated French preachers, but *without* any critical remarks of consequence."—Eclectic Review.

“ Dr. Hill has compared several of Blair's most esteemed sermons, with those sermons of the most celebrated French preachers with which they coincide in subject; a labour which we cannot deny to be both *interesting* and *profitable*.”---British Critic.

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cession to our stock of historical documents."--Antijacobin Review.

"Mr. Rose's observations certainly do *not* appear to us of *any considerable value* ; though they indicate throughout a laudable industry, together with (what we are determined to believe) a natural disposition to liberality and moderation, counteracted by the littleness of party jealousy and resentment. Though the book itself is *very dull* however," &c.--Edinburgh Review.

"This work may, upon the whole, be justly characterized as an *able*, and (we think) an *impartial* review of Mr. Fox's History ; including *much novel and interesting information* upon the subjects which are there discussed, and *correcting several errors* in the work of that distinguished statesman."--British Critic.

"When we find that the *prying sagacity* of Mr. Rose has *not* been able to detect a *single perversion* of truth, or *misrepresentation* of facts, in Mr. Fox's posthumous, imperfect, and unfinished history ; and that *all his attempts* to do this have *proved vain*, and *all his objections*, when examined, have been *found futile* ;" &c.—Critical Review (Appendix).

14. A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Middlesex, at the Visitation in May and June 1808 ; by George Owen Cambridge, Archdeacon, &c.

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"This Charge is *satisfactory* as a statement of facts, no less than as a *recommendation* of *duties*."—British Critic (Preface).





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